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MAYFAIR

£1.50 ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN Vol. 23 No.1

WORLD NUDE EXCLUSIVE!

In Fiona's footsteps:
ANOTHER LOVELY FROM

SIR RALPH'S SECRET SEX LIFE

WHY LORNA LOVES LINGERIE

HOW MAD AND BAD WAS BYRON?

OUT OF HER BINDINGS:
OUR BAREST SKI-BUM

AMERICAN LOCOMOTIVES:
THE CLIFF-HANGERS OF COLORADO

NO ROOM ON TOP:
OUR BUXOM BUST CONDUCTRESS

QUEST: YOUR SEXUAL QUIRKS

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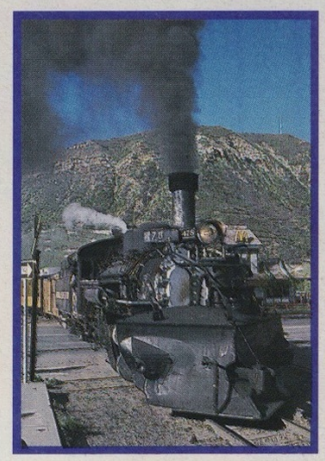

The steam locos that once took miners thousands of feet up into the Rockies now carry tourists along the same precipitous routes. Your seats are re-served. 70

COVER STORY

Sir Ralph Halpern, Britain's most virile tycoon, has plenty of drive, according to 20-year-oid model Lee Ann. She describes her friendship with the sexy knight and reveals exclusively to us her very special appeal. 35

Editor **Kenneth Bound** / Art Director **John Clement** /Assistant Editor **Clive Harris** / Motoring **William Boddy** / Eating Out **Brian O'Hanlon** / Discs **Peter Hopkin** / Travel Editor **Ian Marlowe** / Films **Gerald Cole** / Wine **Charles Fforde**/ Editorial Assistants **Sarah Buck** and **Lisa Oldfield** /Readers' Service **Pat Asquith**/Advertisement Director **Chris Robins**/published monthly by Fisk Publishing Co. Ltd., 95a Chancery Lane, London WC2. Reg. London No. 875169. Reg. Office 95a Chancery Lane, WC2/Distributed by Seymour Press Ltd., 334 Brixton Road, London SW9/Origination by Moorgate Lithoplates Services Ltd./Printing and binding by The Artisan Press Ltd., Beaumont Leys, Leicester, England/**Fiction:** all characters are fictitious and there is no intended reference to persons either living or dead/**Contributions:** although every care will be taken of all materials submitted for publication Fisk Publishing Co. Ltd., their servants or agents, accept no responsibility for loss, damage or destruction, however arising, while in their offices, in transit or elsewhere/

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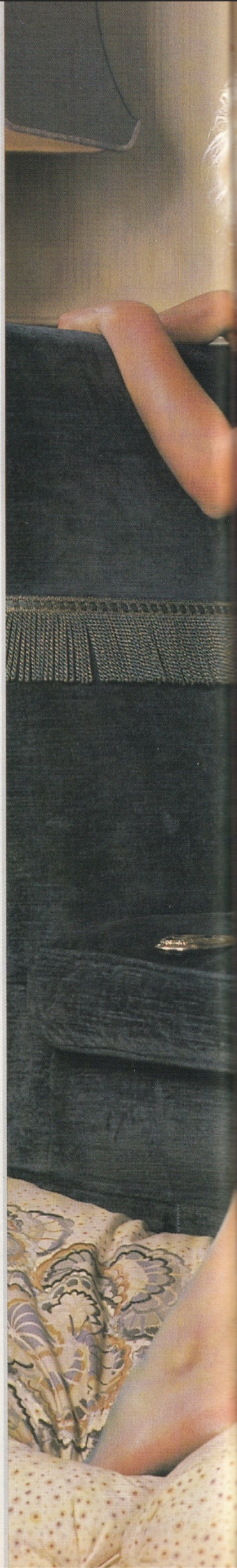
PHOTOGRAPHED BY
DONALD
MILNE

Lorna

Ask an eye-catching but otherwise demure green-eyed blonde, like 22-year-old Lorna Mayfield, how often she peels off her 34-24-35 and prances about in front of an audience and you might be surprised at her answer. 'At least three or four times a week,' says this 5 feet 4 inch young lady from Leeds. But Lorna is no stripper, or glamour model (at least until now). Her audiences are strictly female, and are entertained in the privacy of their own homes.



'I'm a saleswoman for a lingerie company,' she explains. 'We do sell by mail order, but most of our business is done at home. I organise lingerie parties in ladies' houses — usually previous customers; they invite a dozen friends, I supply some wine and a selection of our lingerie. I model four or five sets, and then let the others try on a few. It usually turns into a glorious hen night. The naughtiest undies always sell first!'

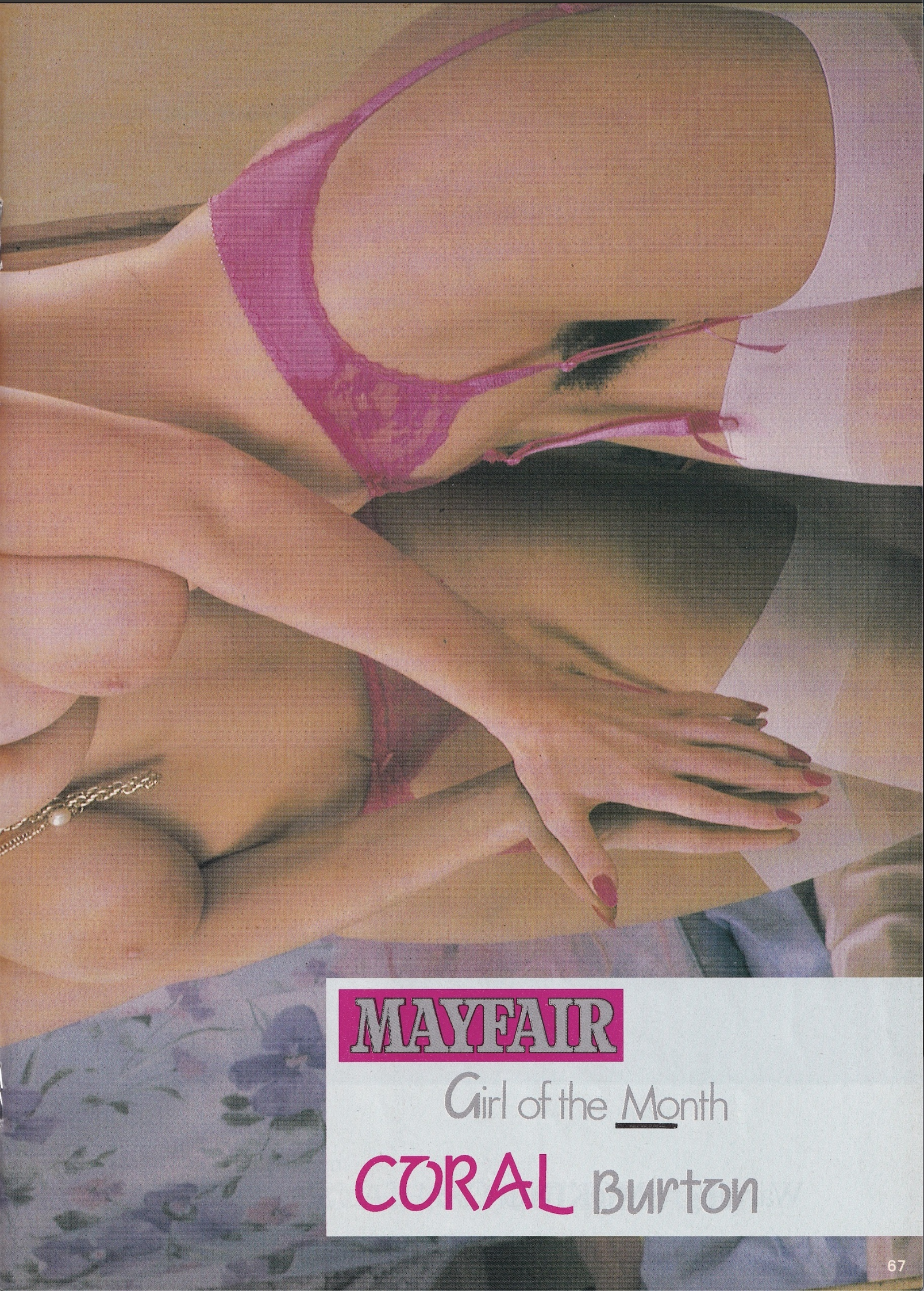
It's a job that leaves little time for boyfriends. 'My last serious boyfriend used to drive me in the evenings. He was always complaining that he never saw what I got up to, so one night I invited him in. I thought the women would be embarrassed, but they loved it! My poor boyfriend was scarlet.' Making her *Mayfair* debut was, Lorna says, 'a logical next step. I thought it was only fair to let all the boys see what they've been missing!'

CORAL

This could be the last time you see 22-year-old Coral Burton in the pages of *Mayfair*. Because the 36DD-25-36 model (real name Karen Britain) has decided to give all this up to move into business running her own model agency, based over in Ilford.

'I used to work as an interviewer for Reed Employment,' she told us. 'So I used that experience to recruit the right sort of people.' Barely a few weeks after setting up she had nearly 30 girls on the books and suddenly found herself with no time for her own work in front of the camera. Her modelling talents won't be going entirely to waste, however, as she pointed out: 'I'll be using all my knowledge of the business to advise my girls on how to go about shaping their own modelling careers.'

'I'll be telling them how to present themselves and how to deal with photographers,' she continued, adding that she is hoping to make a name for herself, the agency and her girls on the *Page Three* circuit. But, she was keen to point out: 'We're not only a glamour agency. We're also dealing with promotions and advertising.' And to prove a point she has already been to South Korea to discuss business for the next Olympics.



MAYFAIR

Girl of the Month

CORAL Burton

MAYFAIR

Girl of the Month

CORAL Burton

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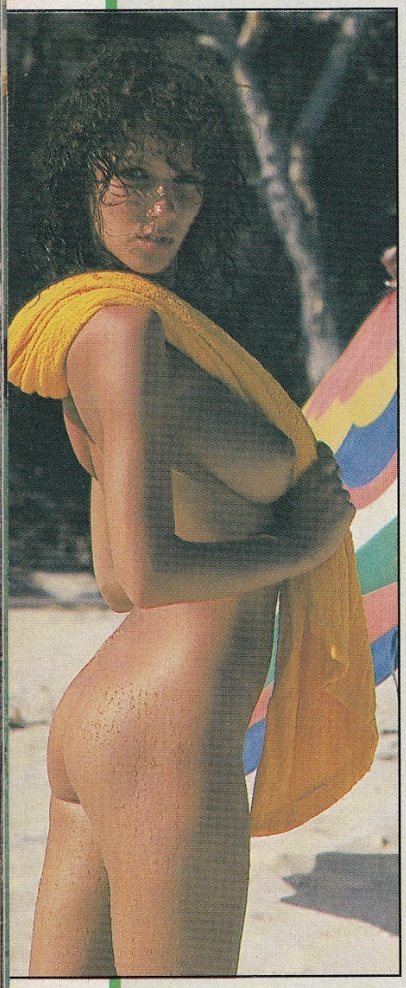
PHOTOGRAPHED BY MARIO MARNOTO

Jo

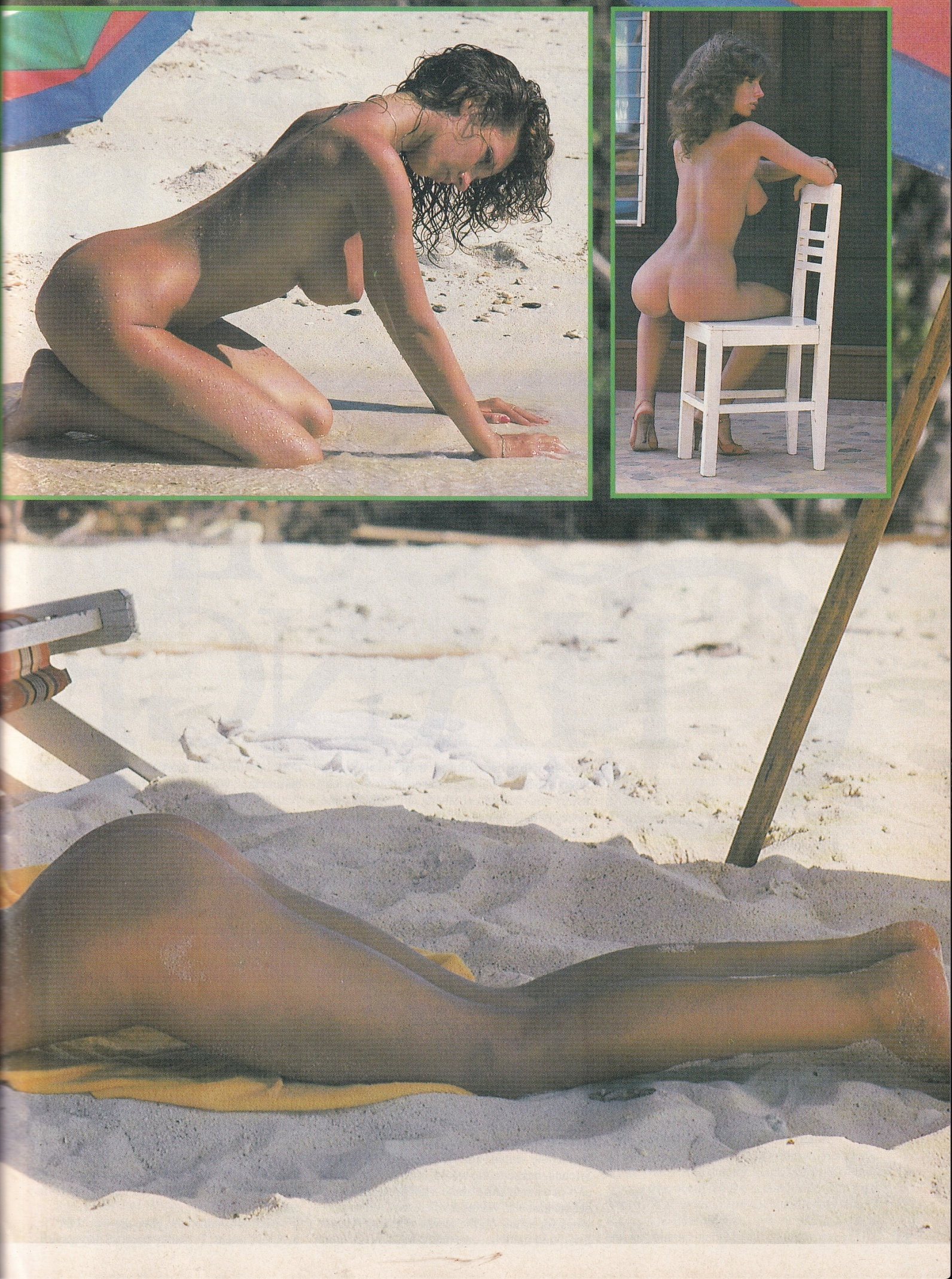
Some girls make such a remarkable impact when they first grace our pages that their appeal transcends the passage of time. Names like Sam Fox, Linda Lusardi and Joanne Latham spring to mind. Among that illustrious company is ex-*Mirror* and *Star*bird Jo Peace.

Jo's head-turning 36-24-35 inches, plus an earthy sexuality that leaps off the page in every picture taken of her, ensured her success not just in glamour photography, but



the world of advertising too, where she was featured in calendars for top companies like Heineken and the Coal Board. Born in Walsall in the West Midlands, she set out to be a fashion model only to be told by agents that she was much too voluptuous.

Now in her late twenties Jo has taken an honourable retirement from the front line of top glamour models, but for all her many fans we have tracked down a brand new set of pictures showing her at her breath-taking best. Here, then, is the incomparable Ms Peace.



Laitong

Now in her late twenties Jo has taken an honourable retirement from the front line of top glamour models, but for all her many fans we have tracked down a brand new set of pictures showing her at her breath-taking best. Here, then, is the incomparable Ms Peace.

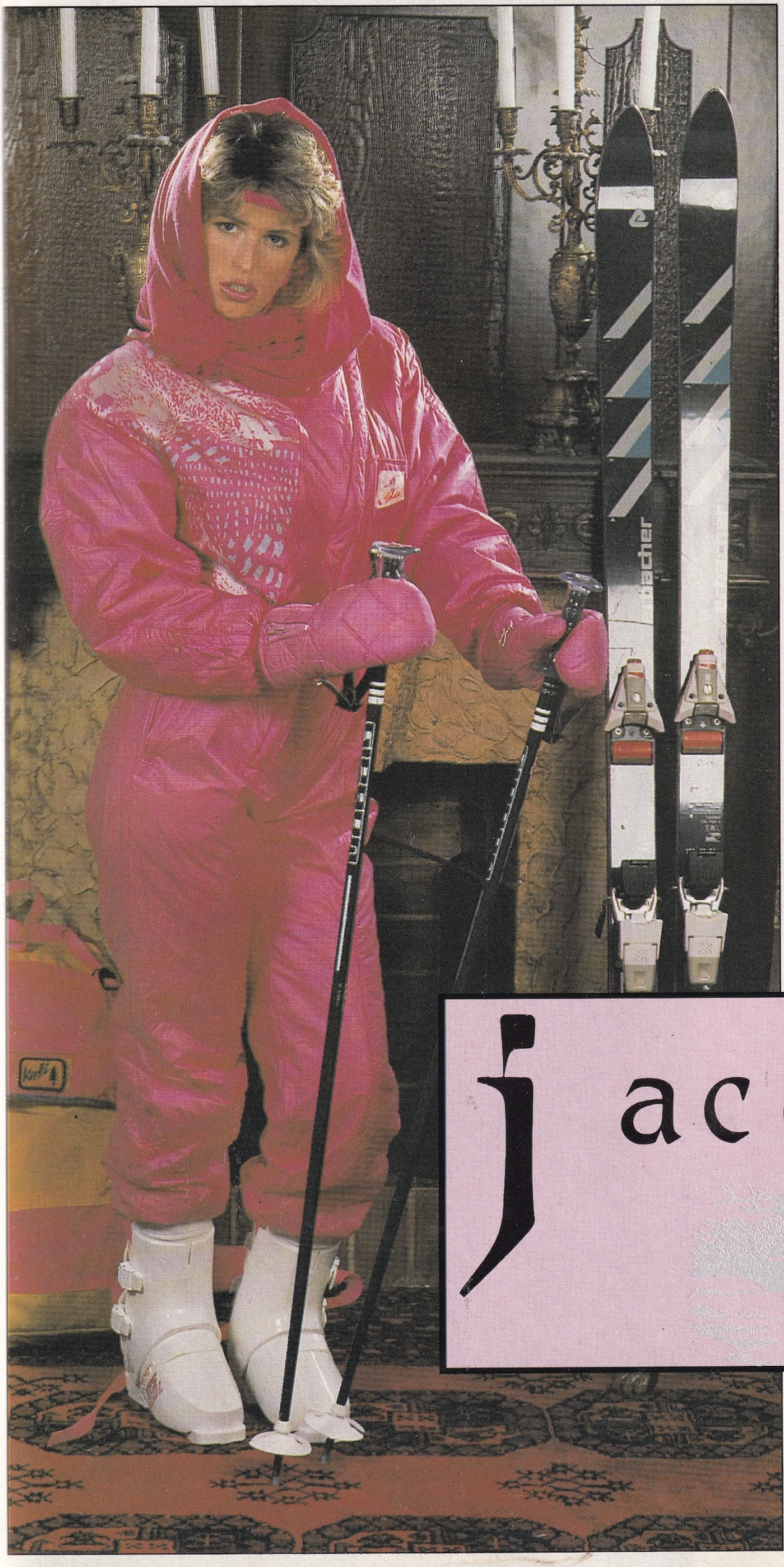
PHOTOGRAPHED BY
GERTH SERNELIN

Dee

Keep your feet firmly on the ground, gentlemen, as we present the striking Dee Carter. For when the 18-year-old statuesque blonde isn't making men's hearts leap, she's leaping herself. You see, Dee is training to become a trampoline coach. 'This was my first modelling session and I was too shy to come to *Mayfair* for an interview at first as I've never done anything like this before.' But 34-22-33 Dee, who lives in Milton Keynes, thrives on pre-competition nerves . . .

'It's something I've always wanted to have a go at and once I set my mind on something I always get it. But that's the sort of girl I am,' she grinned. It comes as no surprise to learn that Dee was naughty as a child. 'I was always using my bed as a trampoline and drove my parents crazy with all the banging upstairs.' When Dee takes time out from training, she enjoys rock and roll dancing. 'I'm always on the look-out. Especially for guys with greased hair and moody looks.'

PHOTOGRAPHED BY
BASIL CRAWFORD-SMITH

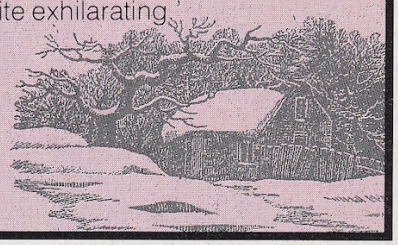


jacqui

'I love to ski, in fact I *live* to ski,' says 20-year-old Jacqui Bremner as she peels her 38-25-36 figure out of her ski suit. 'It's something I do with great passion and very single-mindedly.' Lincoln-born Jacqui caught the bug four years ago in Zermatt.

'It's something I do with great passion and very single-mindedly'

Now she's hooked, she takes it very seriously indeed. 'I love it very early in the morning when there's no-one else about,' she declares. 'The glare of sunshine on virgin snow and the cool air whistling past your ears is quite exhilarating.'



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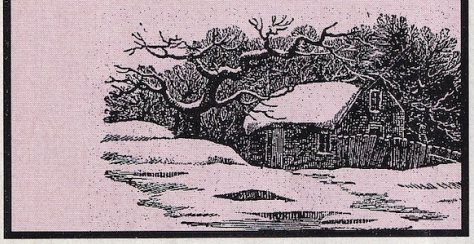
Jacqui now spends most of the season abroad. 'I jaunt from resort to resort, cleaning chalets, working in bars, doing anything to subsidise my skiing. I suppose you could call me a ski bum.' And certainly it's one we'd follow all the way down the slippery slope.

'I love it very early in the morning when there's no-one else about'



Beverley

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ROY BREWINGTON

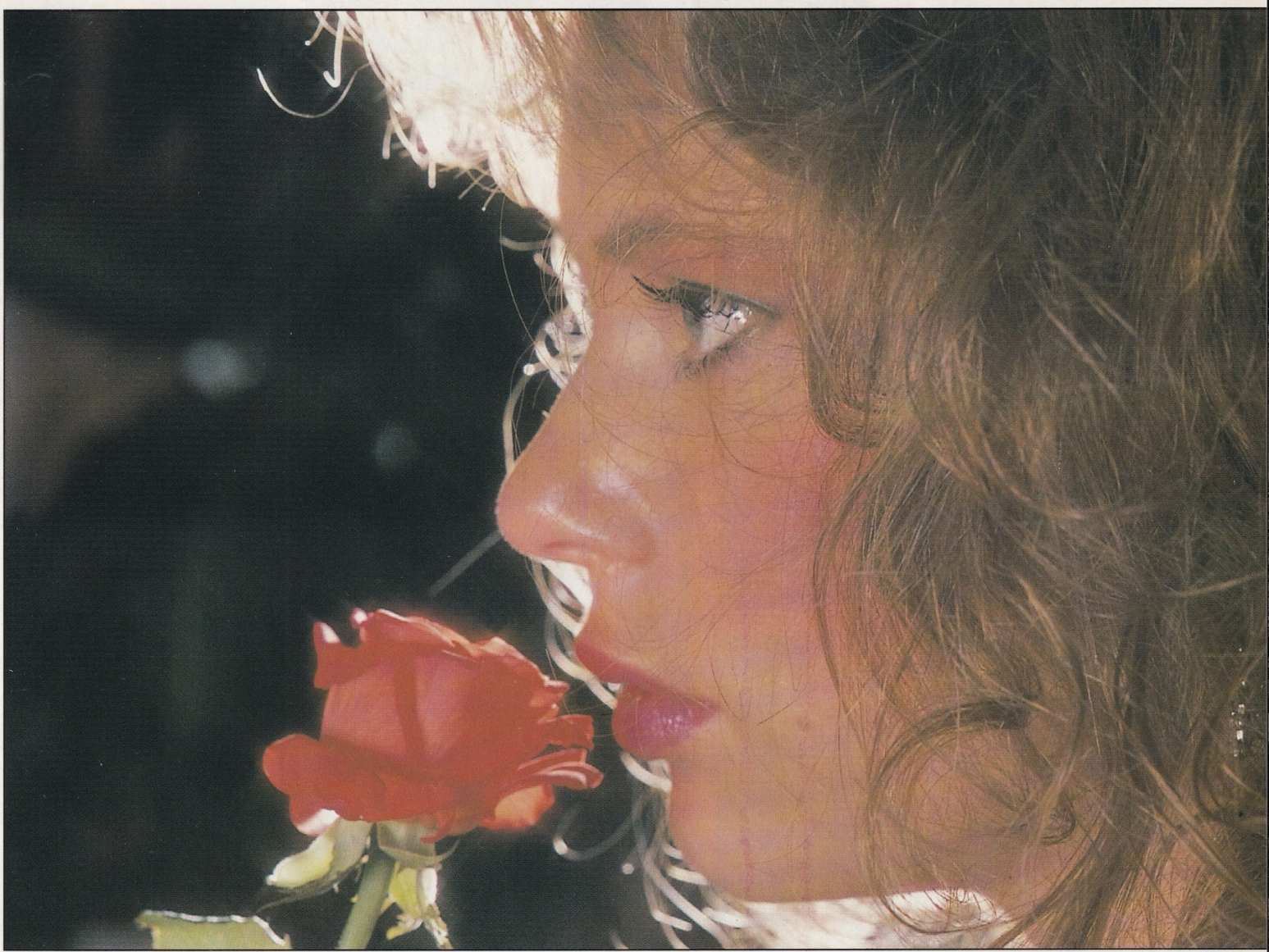
When 24-year-old Beverley Bristow used to shout 'Hold tight, please', the passengers on the 36 bus to Grove Park probably never realised just what a naughty clippy they had on board. They might have been aware of her curvaceous 38-25-36 figure as they squeezed past on the lower deck, but few would guess that she harboured a secret desire to be a nude model.

'I liked working on the buses,' said Beverley with a broad grin, 'even though it was only for three months. You get to meet so many people, and I always tried to have a laugh with them. If it hadn't been for that ticket machine, I might still be doing it.' The machine in question was the one that spent all day bouncing on her ample boobs. 'It was so heavy,' she said with a laugh. 'I'm sure they're not the same shape.' What were they like before? One wonders.

But Beverley's ambitions didn't lie within London Transport. 'It was my father who suggested modelling,' said the cuddly West Indian who lives with her parents near Lewisham. 'He caught me changing, took one look at my boobs, and said I was wasted on the buses.' So, sadly for commuters, she swapped her uniform for a basque and stockings. 'I hope they like my new outfit — it's a lot more comfortable than that wretched ticket machine.'

PHOTOGRAPHED BY PETE MCLAUGHLIN

CHRISTINA



Christina has a certain sense of style, both in and out of clothes. 'I've always been complimented on the way I dress,' says the 22-year-old in her distinctive Somerset tone. 'It's nice to know that you look good, and I always make a point of choosing my clothes carefully, right down to my underwear.' And it doesn't take this stylish lady very long to get down to her underwear.

Her talent for looking good and her attention to detail was soon put to good use, when, at the age of 19 she was plucked from behind the counter of a dry cleaners in Taunton and taken on as a magician's assistant. 'That really was one of the most enjoyable periods of my life,' she reflects with a hint of sadness. The act finally wound up after three years, but by then, Christina had given her a taste for exposing her talents to the world.

The job took her all over the globe and into all sorts of stage costumes, some of which had problems containing her 36-24-36 figure. 'A few of the creations I had to wear were hardly worth putting on! There was simply nothing to them, just a few strategically placed sequins and a couple of inches of lurex.' Sounds magic.

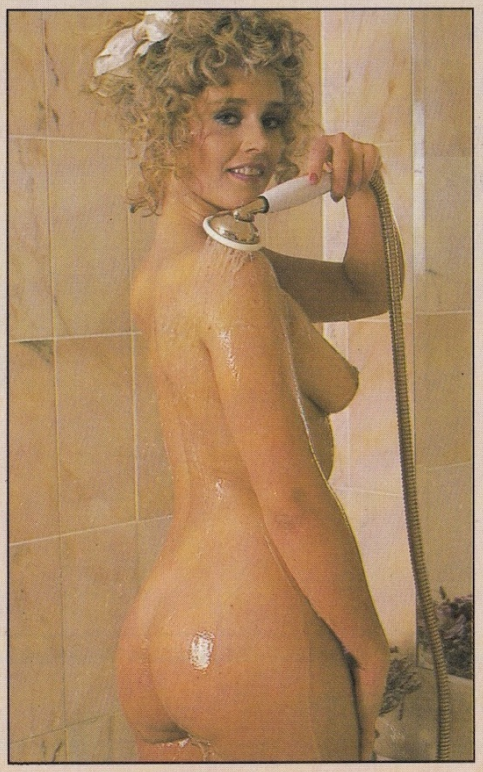
'. . . We used to make love everywhere . . .'

LEE ANN:

another lovely from Sir Ralph's love life

'. . . We met at a modelling session. He immediately started chatting me up . . .'

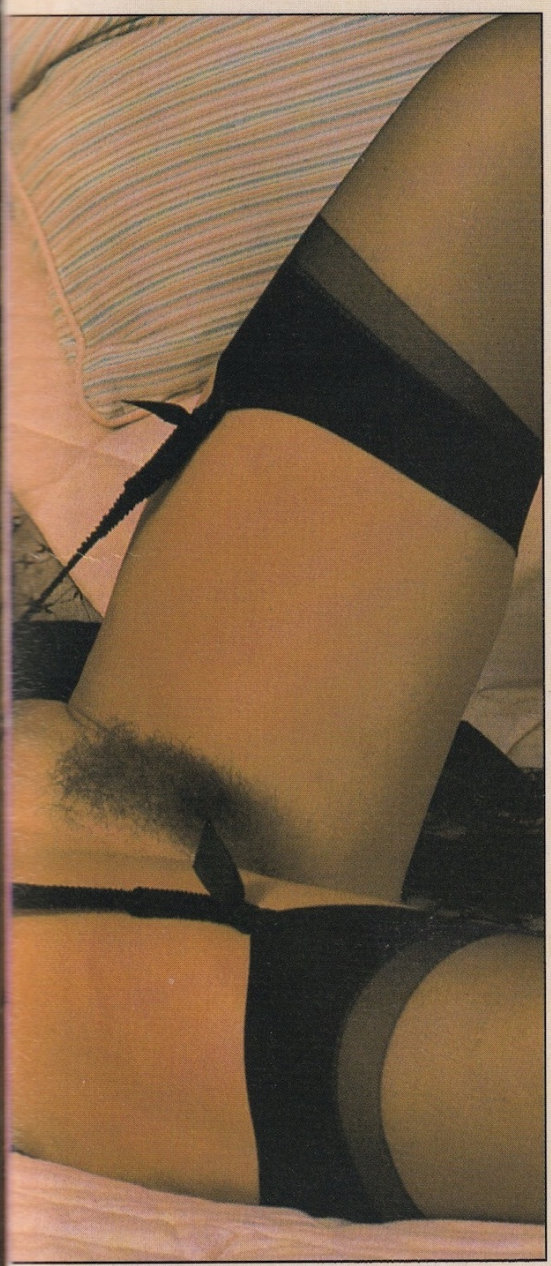
'. . . I found him very attractive . . .'



When Sir Ralph Halpern rises to present his annual report as boss of the highly-successful Burton group he'll do so with the reputation of being one of Britain's most brilliant tycoons, and almost certainly its most virile. Last year 19-year-old Fiona Wright revealed details of her erotic encounter with the milllionaire. Now lissome model Lee Ann Nash says she too enjoyed a passion-filled fling after meeting Sir Ralph at a modelling session. 'He immediately started chatting me up,' she told *The People*. 'I found him very attractive and good fun to be with.'

Their friendship, claimed 20-year-old Lee Ann, lasted a year. She would go to Sir Ralph's luxury flat in Hampstead, where a large fridge was always kept fully stocked with champagne. She told *The People*: 'His bedroom was huge with a king-sized bed. The en suite bathroom had a big water jet bath in it which he loved to make love in. One of his favourite games was to make love anywhere but the bedroom, in the kitchen, sitting room, hallway, you name it, we did it.' In the bedroom was kept a bag of sex toys. 'He had everything in there. It was full of weird and wonderful things.'

'. . . There was always champagne . . .'



'. . . The en suite bathroom had a big water-jet bath in it . . .'

'. . . We were all naked, or half undressed . . .'

'On one occasion,' Lee Ann said in *The People*, 'him, me, a photographer and another model went out for an evening which ended up with us all making love in one room back at Sir Ralph's place. We were all naked, or half undressed. I was making love with Sir Ralph while the other two were at it on the sofa. It wasn't a sordid set-up — we always had a great time. Sir Ralph is a very generous man.' But Lee Ann was not surprised when the friendship came to an end. 'I knew he had other women. It was fun while it lasted, but it was never anything serious.'

'. . . It was fun while it lasted . . .'

LETTERS

You are invited to add to the controversy and anecdote of Mayfair. Letters must bear the full name and address of the writer, but if requested this will be reduced to initials and town of origin. All letters will be acknowledged, in a plain envelope, to the address given. Unsigned letters will be discarded.

Write to 'Letters', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ.

Best foot forward

I found EC of Devon's comment in Vol 22 No 11 about models' feet very interesting. He is obviously a fellow after my own heart.

Boobs, pubes and bums are lovely, but some of us appreciate the more subtle forms of female sexuality, such as a sweep of hair across a naked shoulder, long slender necks and delicate throats, smooth skin texture and indescribable pleasures of bare feet. I would bet, too, that, like me, EC is also a fan of that exquisite piece of jewellery, the ankle chain.

I thought that with Mette Poulsen in Vol 22 No 11 a lifelong dream was about to come true — the sight of a lovely barefoot girl in a sexy, revealing evening gown. The picture on page 53 showed a tantalising picture of a bare heel and ankle, but sadly those pretty feet were not fully in view in any shot. Even the casually discarded shoes in the centre spread only hinted at the bareness of the tootsies hidden by the cushions.

If even the best men's magazine in the world fails to give us foot-lovers a chance, what hope is there? Surely a few more bare feet is not too much to ask for. Oh, when I think of the old days with Nina Pickersgill, the owner of the most beautiful feet in the universe . . !

MS, Bradford

Don't blame Boadicea!

I have for some years admired the standard of the articles on topics of general interest in *Mayfair*. I was disappointed in the article 'Bloody Boadicea' which I thought sensational or misleading.

The opening paragraph mentions hundreds of half-naked savages storming the temple. I know of no other suggestion that they were either half-naked or savages. In fact the Celts seem to have been war-like but cultured. Certainly, their artists of the day were very accomplished (in contrast to the rather mechanical Roman art). They lived in a rather cold climate, which in itself suggests that they would have to be adequately, if not stylishly, clad.

When he comes to describing the causes of the revolt, the author fails to mention some important facts. The Romans did revoke grants made by Claudius, but they went much further than that: they treated the tribal aristocracy not as clients who had made peace with Claudius, but as newly conquered, hostile leaders. We know that they humiliated and robbed the royal family, they raped the daughters and scourged their mothers, we don't know about the rest of the aristocracy, nor about the ordinary people. To blame Boadicea for the rebellion is to fail to understand that a warlike people had had enough. To blame her for the carnage is simply sensationalism.

Colin Baxter says that there is no reason for disbelieving Dio Cassius. In fact, it is very suspect indeed. From where did Cassius get his information? Was he there? Did he speak to someone who was? Or was he a Roman trying to justify Roman atrocities to the Roman people? We have to rely on Roman sources for information about this rebellion; to accept such reports uncritically is foolish enough, but to pass it on as fact is cheap and misleading.

By a peculiar quirk, the Roman description for non-Romans, 'barbarian', has come to have a meaning in English that describes the Romans themselves beautifully. Their treatment of the British tribes whose sons were sent to be slaves or gladiators, and whose daughters were made slaves or prostitutes, was barbaric indeed.

DTD, Amersham

'Is there room for any more on top . . ?'

A landlord's tale

I am writing to give the older reader a say in your excellent magazine. I own, run and live in a house converted into flats. There are four in all, two of which are taken by students. It was through these students that I was able to have a very enjoyable experience.

One of the students, Jenny, is a nice, quite attractive, down-to-earth girl, and recently her mother came to visit her. Linda, as she insisted on being called, was a typical upper middle class lady, a type who, though aloof, I have always found incredibly sexy. She was about 45, but still with the face and figure of a 30-year-old.

She arrived in the morning and spent it with Jenny. In the afternoon Jenny was due in college, so I offered to look after her mother until she returned. It was meant to be a harmless, gentlemanly gesture, but with the introduction of a glass or two of wine the afternoon turned into something quite different.

Linda lost some of her aloofness, and her true personality began to emerge, especially when she thumbed through my magazine rack and found a copy of *Mayfair*. (I am a 62-year-old widower, so I leave things where I want to leave them!)

She let out a bit of a gasp and then confided that her husband had bought *Mayfair* regularly before they were married and she had enjoyed reading it, though both of them were now beyond the sort of things people got up to in Letters and Quest. Since she was still very attractive I thought this sounded sad, though I said nothing.

The copy she was looking at was Vol 22 No 11 and she seemed very interested in young Tracey Davies. Out of the blue she asked if I found girls like that attractive. I replied, 'At my age young girls mean anyone from 30 to 35, someone like yourself.'

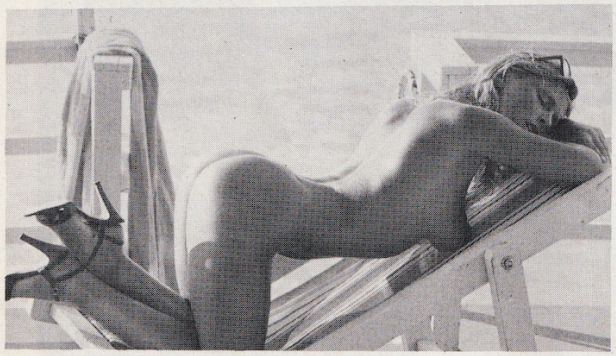
A little charm never fails, and it seemed to spark Linda off. She was obviously flattered and began flirting like mad.

Suddenly things became very sexual indeed. I had no idea what Linda's attitude to fidelity was, though she seemed extremely receptive, so I decided to do something I had not done for some time, that is, I made a pass at her. To my delight she seemed as pleased with the idea as I was. We began with a kiss and a quiet fondle and ended up retiring to my bedroom.

As I suspected, she had the body of a 30-year-old but with 45 years of

turn to page 10

WE OFFER A GREAT DEAL



Sian Adey Jones was in Vol 20 No 1. You missed her? Then buy a back number. Order individually from the list below or get our fantastic five-pack — Vol 19 Nos 8 and 10 and Vol 20 Nos 1, 3 and 6 for only £5. But be quick!

Other back numbers available include:
VOL. 19 No. 10 *(Telecom's TV ad girl Helle, Gambling at Monte Carlo)* £1.45; **12** *(Joanne Latham, 40 Girls of the Year, Morgans)* £2.25; **VOL. 20 No. 1** *(Top models Tracy Dixon, Sian Adey Jones, Molly Parkin short story)* £1.65; **2** *(Page Three pet Jane Warner, Brides in the bath murders)* £1.65; **3** *(40-in busted Danuta, Angie Lyn)* £1.65; **4** *(Stars who stripped for the cinema, Burke and Hare)* £1.65; **6** *(Bouncing boobs video, the Surrey puma)* £1.65; **7** *(We bare the new Bond beauties, Epic Cruise of the Emden)* £1.65; **8** *(The Sun's virgin strips, Early balloon pioneers)* £1.65; **9** *(Lynette Gordon, British International gymnast bared, We fly with the Schneider Trophy pilots)* £1.65; **10** *('Superbitch' Stephanie Beacham, Sinister Dr Crippen)* £1.65; **11** *(Marvellous Marina, The Black Watch)* £1.65; **12** *(Paul Newman's nudest co-star, General Patton)* £2.50; **VOL. 21 No. 1** *(Miss Scotland finalist nude, skate-sailing)* £1.65; **2** *(Julie from The Late Late Breakfast Show, Gloster Gladiator)* £1.65; **3** *(Miss Austria nude, Kent's vicious smugglers)* £1.65; **4** *(Marianne, the girl who beat Joan Collins to Peter Holm's bed, Spitfire)* £1.65; **5** *(Starbird of the Year finalist Tracy Neve, Andrea Kovic, The Kayak raid on Singapore)* £1.65; **6** *(The de-throned Miss France, Kamikaze)* £1.65; **7** *(The real Makepeace look alike, Nuclear submarine disasters)* £1.65; **9** *(Nudest Cambridge MA, Prussia's army of giants)* £1.65; **10** *(Princess Siggi strips, Alfa Romeos)* £1.65; **11** *(TV hostess Sue Lee, Death of a stunt pilot)* £1.65; **12** *(Lydia's ghostly strip, E-type Jaguars)* £2.50; **VOL. 22 No. 1** *(Pop star Mel Appleby, Free-fall parachuting)* £2.00; **2** *(Duncan Norvelle's girlfriend, Flying with NATO's fighters)* £2.00; **4** *(Debee Ashby's first nude pictures, Early Jaguars)* £2.00; **5** *(The MP's nudest secretary, Microlight aerobatics)* £2.00; **6** *(The sexy secretary from 'Rude Health', Blue-blooded Bugattis)* £2.00; **7** *(Elisha and Louise — the birds bared by the Beastie Boys, The hellish war galley ships)* £2.00; **8** *(Barest MP, Sacred Cowes)* £2.00; **9** *(The Hostess From* Bob's Full House, *Canoeing Down Cliffs)* £2.00; **10** *(Richard Branson's lady's nude modelling days, DIY planes)* £2.00; **11** *(Princess Stephanie's love rival,* Penthouse *editor nude, Huey the helicopter hero of Vietman)* £2.00; **Best of Mayfair No. 3,** £2.25; **Best of Mayfair No. 4,** £2.50; **Best of Mayfair No. 5,** £2.65; **Best of Mayfair No. 6,** £2.65; **Best of Mayfair No. 7,** £2.90; **Mayfair's Girls of Summer** £2.70.

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LETTERS

continued from page 6

experience, and she managed to keep my 62-year-old penis good and hard for nearly an hour. It was an incredible experience, for both of us, I think. Linda told me she had always fantasised about going to bed with someone she'd just met, but she had never dared to until now. She claimed it had done her a world of good, and I had the distinct impression she was ready to go on all afternoon if I had suggested it, though I doubt if I could have kept up with her!

We got dressed again when there was a knock on the door. It was Paul, my other student tenant, a good-looking lad of 19 who, by the number of lady visitors he had to his flat, was obviously quite successful with the opposite sex.

He had a message from Jenny, saying she would be later than expected.

Linda was clearly quite taken with him, and the two of them were soon chatting happily, so I invited Paul in. I soon realised that Linda was making it obvious that she fancied Paul like mad, and I wondered if he realised, and what his reaction would be.

After half an hour I had a chance to satisfy my curiosity. There was another knock on the door. It was an estate agent I had asked to call by to measure up a flat I had vacant. I left Linda and Paul alone, letting them know I'd be gone a good half hour.

When I got back I deliberately opened the front door very quietly and stood in the hallway a moment, listening. By the sounds coming from the living room, Linda had obviously decided to act out another of her fantasies. There were loud gasps and moans, and most of them seemed to be coming from her.

I moved quietly to the living room door, which was just ajar, and looked through the crack. Linda was on her knees in front of the sofa, bending forward with her head half buried in cushions. Her blouse was open to her waist and her lovely, fleshy breasts were bare. Her skirt was pushed up over her bottom, exposing the soft white cheeks and the suspender straps and stockings which had already delighted me. Her knickers, showing every sign of having been ripped off, lay next to her on the floor.

Paul was kneeling directly behind her with his jeans and pants round his ankles, and his darkly haired thighs pressed tight against Linda's. As I watched he drew back and I caught sight of a long and very thick erection sliding from between Linda's cheeks. He rammed it back into her and began to hump her fiercely and steadily for well over ten minutes. During this time she moaned and wailed and thrashed her head against the sofa cushions until she had a loud and very obvious climax. At that Paul groaned and let fly, and I was very close to doing the same myself.

After a pause I opened and slammed the front door loudly, and then went straight into the toilet. When I came out Linda and Paul were sitting where I had originally left them, though both were looking distinctly flushed.

After Paul had gone I admitted to Linda that I had seen everything. I thought she might be upset about that, but she seemed delighted and was obviously astonished and very flattered that she had been able to seduce such a young and attractive man. She said I'd brought out a side of her she thought she'd never see. Then she confided that she had one more fantasy she would like to fulfil.

She was taking a long distance train that evening and she wanted to share a compartment with a respectable, middle-aged couple and, by the way she sat, gradually let them realise that she was wearing only stockings and suspenders under her skirt. I encouraged her to do so, and, to the best of my knowledge, that's what she did. She promised to write and let me know, but I haven't heard yet.

There are two lessons to be learned from my experiences:

1. You're never too old!
2. Appearances can be deceptive.

I hope other readers are lucky enough to make the same discoveries!

(Name and address withheld)

Learning curves

I've often browsed through my husband's collection of *Mayfair*, and enjoyed reading the letters pages. But, until recently, I never thought I could have contributed anything to them.

I am a teacher, aged 44 years with a well-rounded figure (42-28-36), who gives extra tuition in the evenings for 'A' level students. Last week, Paul, a student, I've been coaching privately for about two months, made a pass at me whilst my husband was out. He's eighteen, handsome, with tight curly, fair hair and the deepest blue eyes I've ever seen. Apparently, I'd been

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having an effect on him since he'd been coming to my class, though until last week I was totally unaware of it.

He arrived around seven in the evening and passed my husband on the way out. It didn't take long for me to notice that he was finding it hard to concentrate, and I wondered if he had a problem at home. We were sitting in the lounge, side by side, at the table, when I asked him what was wrong.

He stared at me for a moment, our faces very close, then suddenly leaned forward and planted a clumsy kiss on my lips. I was too taken aback to do anything other than sit there in stunned silence, then, as he backed away, I asked him what he thought he was doing. He looked as though I'd slapped his face, and sank back in the chair and said he'd wanted to do that since the first time we'd met. Then he went on to say that he was in love with me. My anger quickly subsided, but was replaced by a sense of bewilderment, so that I felt totally lost to reply. I think my silence spurred him on, as he stared at me for a moment, then curled an arm around my shoulders, at the same time saying that he was sorry.

I told him not to be, and said that it was very flattering for a woman my age to be thought of in such a way by a handsome, young man. He seemed to think that that gave him permission to kiss me again, only this time I avoided him and told him not to be so silly. But he kept leaning forward, pushing me further back, until the two of us rolled off the chairs onto the floor. Neither of us was hurt, and I must admit to thinking we must have looked pretty funny, and began to laugh. I felt his knee move up between my thighs and glimpsed down to see the tops of my stockings come into view. I was about to order him off me when he kissed me again, this time pushing his tongue deep into my mouth, touching the back of my teeth.

At first, I was going to bite him but it had been a long time since I'd been kissed quite like that, and though his eyes were closed, I could see he was wearing a sincere expression. Though I shouldn't have allowed it, somehow I didn't have the heart to stop him.

Then his right hand came across and cupped my breast, kneading it gently but firmly so that I felt my nipple perk up. I realised then if I didn't stop him, things would get completely out of hand. So I forced my mouth away from his. But he immediately attacked my ear with his tongue, poking it at the hole, which is something I've always found stimulating. It took the breath right out of me, and instead of shouting at him, I heard myself moan in pleasure. I really had to force myself to ask him to stop, but it didn't sound particularly convincing to me, so I'm certain it sounded even less to him. Anyway he ignored me. Then the hand that had been stroking my breast slipped down and I felt him haul up the hem of my skirt, and touch my mound on the outside of my panties. He pushed himself up on one elbow and looked down at what he was doing, and said I was gorgeous, that he'd always dreamt I wore stockings and suspenders.

I again told him he had to stop, but my voice was husky and breathless, and even less convincing than it had been earlier. He slipped a finger under the gusset of my panties and discovered just how excited I was. I couldn't help but cry out as he ran it up and down the length of me. He was so sweet, he thought he might have hurt me, but I told him he hadn't. Hearing myself say that to him made me realise I didn't have the will to fight him anymore, and though I continued to murmur no to his caresses, I think he realised the truth as well.

After a while, he began to pull down my panties, and I even lifted my bottom off the floor to help him. When they were right off, he asked me to turn over onto my belly as he wanted to see my bottom. He'd begun rubbing me between the legs again as though that would win his argument for him. I slowly rolled over onto my stomach and heard him gasp as he threw my dress up my back exposing my plump cheeks. He then asked me to get into a kneeling position, and again I obeyed, though I was slowly realising that this young man had made me vulnerable with very little effort.

With my large bum sticking into the air, I heard him groan out loud, and was about to get to my feet when he forced himself between my knees, spreading them wide, and something hot and as hard as iron pressed between my buttocks. A hand pressed against my back, forcing me down at the front. I turned my head and said be careful, thinking he was aiming for the wrong spot. He smiled at me, then looked down in front of him, and his bulbous end split my lips apart as he pushed deeply into me. Again, the breath left me as he slowly began to move his lovely

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LETTERS

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cock in and out of me, at the same time squeezing my buttocks till they ached. I think we reached an orgasm together, he clinging onto my hips and grinding himself as deeply as he could within me, before the two of us slumped forward exhausted.

That all happened last week. Thankfully my husband seems unaware that anything has happened, though I do want to tell him about it, since we have often talked about the idea of me having an affair. The idea seems to turn him on. Whether the reality will do the same is something I'm not at all sure about.

(Name and address withheld)

In search of Miss Red Camisole

I have just bought my copy of *Best of Mayfair* No 7 and felt I had to write and thank you for producing such a marvellous compilation issue. I was especially glad to see a trio of my own personal favourite girls, namely, Jane Hamilton, Sarah Green and Ava Cadell.

Jane Hamilton's amazingly firm breasts, long slender legs and lovely wide smile are best shown on page 17, and the mark of her suspender belt can be clearly seen in the later shots, something which I find quite charming. Jane was always a favourite model in my *Mayfair* collection, even more so since she actually starred in a Big Boobs-type video, filmed at Emsworth, very close to my home.

Sarah Green, on page 36, is one of those girls who radiate pure sexuality. She has the best thighs and fullest bottom of any model featured in your magazine for years, not to mention that outrageously sexy, pouting face.

My third favourite, Ava Cadell, has long since left this country to concentrate on a career in films and TV in the United States. I've seen her in small roles in *Dallas* and other glossy soaps, though none of them have featured her topless.

I have only complaint about *Best of Mayfair*. On pages 35 and 159 there are advertisements for lingerie, featuring two very attractive models. The frustrating thing is, you don't give us their names or measurements! The girl modelling the red camisole has a really lovely figure. As the leading publication in the field of glamour photography, you've got to snap her up soon, or some other rag might get her and ruin a great model by doing a sub-standard set of pictures! Any information about her, or her blonde friend, would be much appreciated.

Many thanks for providing me with so many hours of entertainment over the years, and special thanks to Lisa Oldfield for her choice of so many good models in BOM No 7.

SB, Hants

Commend one 34-24-34 'camisole' snapped. She is 34D-24-34 inch Jacqueline Luis — otherwise known as 'the MP's nude secretary' — and we featured her in Vol 22 No 5. Her blonde companion is 34-23-34 inch

We welcome all your views, comments and anecdotes. Please write to 'Letters', Mayfair Magazine, 95a Chancery Lane, London, WC2A 1DZ.

Natasha Bell, who was our Girl of the Month in Vol 22 No 6. For the benefit of their numerous fans, here's a nude reminder of both.

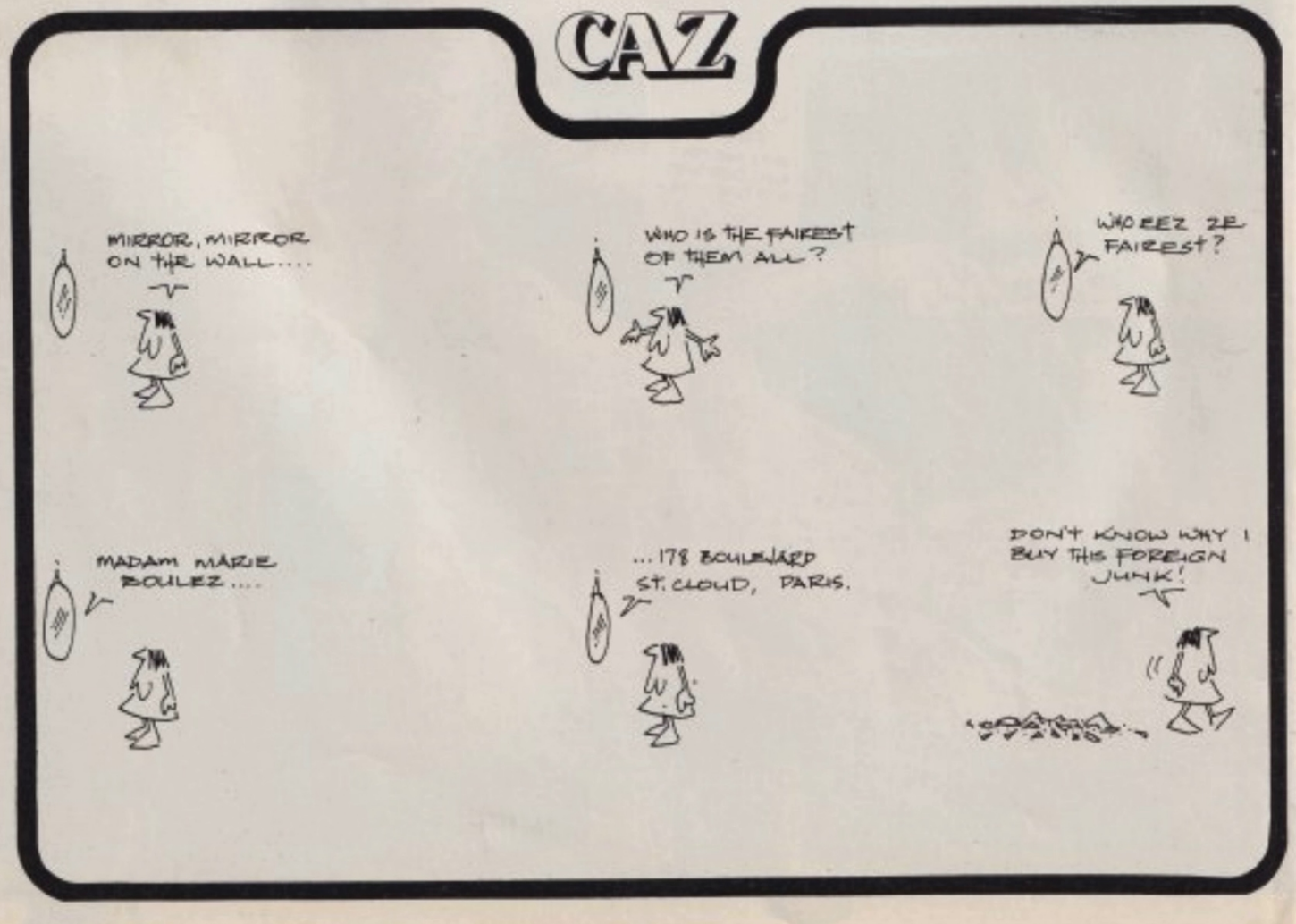


ILLUSTRATION BY TERRY PASTOR

When a statuesque blonde begins a date by sharing her sunbed in the nude, what erotic surprises will she spring in a packed Italian restaurant?

A SCORE TO SETTLE

Fiction by R Ereleigh

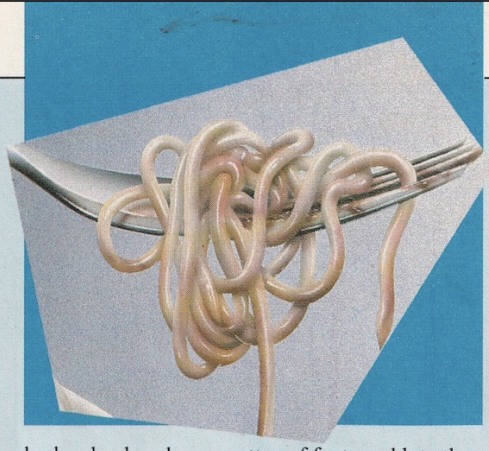
There was no reply to begin with from the number, and he was about to put the telephone down when a woman with a strong accent replied, 'Hello, this is Marion talking.'

Anthony recognised the accent before he recognised who was speaking. Dutch, he thought, unmistakable; then he remembered who the throaty voice belonged to . . . It was whatsit's wife, and what was her name again? Damn, she'd *said* it. He could remember her shape more accurately, being very much like the big titted, carved prow of an old windjammer that he had once seen. Long hair and all very imposing, '. . .I say hello. . .', and blonde, with long mouth-watering legs, yes a very desirable bit of property indeed, '. . . well I ring off, if you do not . . .'

This prompted Anthony to break his reverie, 'Well, hello there. I'm terribly sorry, I wanted to speak to your husband.' There was a chilly pause.

'He no longer lives here. To who do I speak?'

'Anthony — you may not remember, we met at a party at your house. It was to celebrate a film I made about your, er, husband's firm.' There was another pause as Marion, that was her name, he now remembered, flicked through some personal card index of people and faces. Then she remembered him, as well she should, he



thought, after the indiscretions, if only verbal, of the party.

'Well, well, well . . .' Her voice grew cheerier, 'It is a long time, no? Yes, how are you? Ah, good to hear from you. I am single again.'

His social radar gave a tiny ping. Anthony established that he, too, was single and coming down to London shortly. 'How about coffee or a meal?' he asked.

'Why not take me out for a meal and then we can see how things go.' His radar gave a loud buzz. They talked a bit more and agreed to meet on Friday night of the coming week.

He was about an hour earlier than he had arranged with Marion, but rather than drift around aimlessly in Maida Vale, he bought a bunch of carnations and went straight to her house. The entrance was secluded and when he rang the door bell, he was aware of being scrutinised through the peep-hole in the big door. The door opened and a blonde, smiling Marion, a great deal more attractive than he remembered, greeted him. She was wearing sun glasses and a very clinging black, silk dressing gown. Anthony was a little taken aback, and not by the sun glasses. From force of habit he smiled and looked her up and down. He stopped when he realised that she was naked under the flimsy silk wrap. He wondered why she was wearing next to nothing; probably caught her just before her bath, he thought. He coloured slightly when he realised he was staring fixedly at her breasts. Pulling his eyes away, he inspected the brass carriage lamp on the side of the door. It was not after all, he thought, as though he knew her all that well; admittedly they had been introduced, by her husband as a matter of fact, and late that same night at the party, she and Anthony had drunkenly promised each other unbelievable, but never fulfilled delights . . . still this was a bit strong . . .!

His thoughts on manners and protocol were interrupted by her shaking her blonde tresses. 'What is the matter, do you not speak any more? Do you like my Japanese kimono?' She smiled coyly, 'Ah, you English, so correct. How you say, formal.' She took the bunch of flowers he had forgotten, from his hand. 'For me, yes?' Anthony nodded. She looked at him amusedly, 'You are romantic? Good. *Heel goed* as we say in Hollands. *Dank je wel.*' She extended her free hand, 'Come, I am having a sun-bath. I am not always coming to the door like this, but you are a friend, I am alone and we are both single, no?' Anthony's social radar gave a very loud growl. She turned, the glistening silk kimono provocatively hugging a well-formed flank and led him into a large room fitted out with rowing, running and cycling machines and a sun bed. She gestured contemptuously to the exercise machines, 'He made more exercises than love.' She pronounced it 'loff'. She smiled at Anthony, 'I finish my sun bath, yes?' She undid the kimono and slowly peeled it off. 'Five minutes.' She turned slowly, stretched full-length and, like a glorious, blonde cat, lay down naked on the sun bed, adjusted the sun glasses and closed her eyes. Anthony's social radar auto-destructed through overload.

There was a jacuzzi swirling and bubbling away in the corner. Anthony, slightly stunned by events, decided it was better to be doing something, rather than standing around feeling like a nun in a whorehouse. With a quick look at the gorgeously recumbent Marion, he took off his clothes and turned up the action in the jacuzzi. After the tensions of the day it was surprisingly restful. He closed his eyes and tried to pretend that all of this was normal. The first thought that came into his mind was Marion at the door, then his Bank Manager, then Marion as she slid provocatively out of her kimono . . . Jesus, that was it! She had blonde pubic hair! He tried to relax and make his mind blank.

A superb clump of hair, a lush blonde bush, popped determinedly back into his mind. He remembered too what her breasts looked like; large and luscious . . .

He tried to empty his mind totally of thoughts in the swirling bubbling pool, but all the time, images of aspects of Marion intervened. Long blonde hair, breasts, smiling face, hair again but from a different part of her body . . . There was something else, he shook his head and ears clear of water. By God that was it, the music, Ravel's *Bolero*! The music that Priscilla, a truly amazing girlfriend, had used all those years ago, was playing on the Hi-Fi. Who was it who said, the more things change the more they stay the same? He pulled himself slowly and silently out of the of the jacuzzi and walked quietly up to Marion, still sunning herself with her eyes closed under the UV lamps. He checked carefully, yes she did indeed have a splendid figure and truly mouth-wateringly, wonderful breasts. And most of all his eyes had not deceived him. She was blonde . . . all over.

He decided that since all the omens were right, this was no time for the timid. He knelt down quietly, and carefully put his mouth over one nipple; drops of water fell from his wet hair on to her other breast. She moved a little. He sucked experimentally and her nipple hardened instantly in his mouth. He continued caressing it slowly and gently at first. She tasted, not unpleasantly, of sweat, heat and suntan oil. Keeping her eyes closed, she pushed her dark glasses back and reached out for his stiffened member and rubbed it gently. 'You are nice and slippery,' she said languorously.

Anthony could not make out whether this was a statement or an invitation, in any event his mouth was too full to answer. Then he moved upwards and kissed her mouth softly; using his lips to massage and moisten hers. After a while, he slid his tongue experimentally into her mouth. She sucked unexpectedly, greedily at it, pulling it deep into her mouth, giving Anthony a slight start, fearing that she would hurt it. While this was going on she continued stroking and fondling around and about his groin, with expert dedication.

Pulling back his tongue for a moment, then letting it go again, deep down into her throat, Anthony realized that this was no shy virgin, or

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'Mrs. Sanderson and gigolo.'

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some repressed housewife; tonight he was playing in the first division and he had better turn in a first division performance. He stood up and she let her hand drop off him for a moment. He looked at her and she half-opened her eyes and looked at him. What they saw pleased them both and he went down on his knees, lower down the sun bed; she opened her legs slightly and inclined her pelvis towards his waiting tongue.

He licked gently in her valley for a while and then came away for a moment, to relish and observe. She thrust forward slightly as he did and saw for a moment her valley closing and then greedily reopening again, even wider than before. The inviting inner rim was pink and glistening; where the amazing blonde hair stoped and the declivity started, a little tent of tender flesh sprang eagerly up; her clitoris. With nervous excitement she thrust the centre of her delight forward up to his mouth. She raised her behind off the sun bed and whimpered every now and again when he pushed his tongue hard into her. Her breathing also got deeper; suddenly, she said in Dutch *'Neuk mij, neuk mij . . . God verdomme!'* and in an ecstasy of uninhibited delight, used both hands to push his mouth and tongue as hard as she could into her raised, wide open pussy. Anthony understanding the intent, if not the actual words, gave with a will.

By and by she relaxed; dropping her hand once again wonderfully on to his erection. Anthony, devoting himself totally to the pleasure, entered one of those rare moments when time was suspended by an erotic sensation.

Marion suddenly gave a piercing scream and Anthony expecting some catastrophe scrambled upright. She rolled off the sun bed, 'My God we fry on this bed if we are not careful. I meant only to stay five minutes. We both cook very soon. I I have a shower. Then we must eat.' Sod it, thought Anthony; then smiling to himself he mentally chalked up Holland 1 England 0. This is a major match, he thought, and I must pace myself. It could be a long hard night . . . If I play my cards right.

They went off to an Italian restaurant that Marion knew. Lots of carbohydrate decided Anthony to keep up the stamina; he smiled in anticipation of Holland 2 England 1.

The restaurant was small and crowded, run by an Italian family; all the tables were covered with traditional, large, red-check table cloths. Despite the crush they managed to get a table in a secluded corner.

Later while they were eating Marion remarked, 'You like the jacuzzi . . . and me?' Stuffing spaghetti into his mouth Anthony nodded vigorously. Marion looked at him. 'Haff you ever done it in water?'

'Once,' said Anthony finishing his first assault on the carbohydrates.

Marion continued dreamily, 'Yes it will be nice in the water, you will see . . .

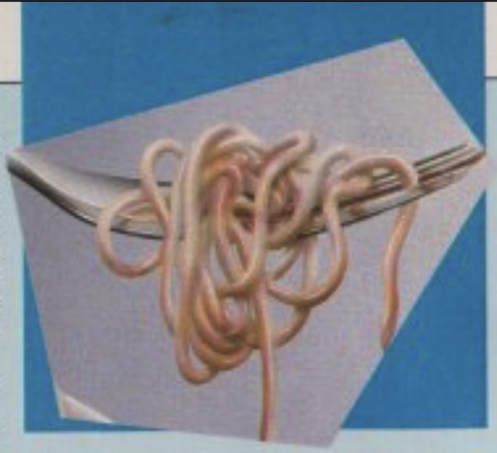
Anthony wiped his lips and smiled, that could even make it Holland 3 England 2, 'That will be *'hell got'*.

Marion laughed, 'No, not *got*, *goed*'. Hollands is like a throat disease they say. Say, 'goed'.'

'I give up,' he said laughing.

'My ex-husband, he too could not speak Hollands. Would not. There were also lots of things he would not do.' For a moment Marion grew quite indignant, 'He would not let me suck his cock, he said a wife and a mother should not do things like that. Hoh!'

'Silly man,' said Anthony smiling, only mildly



bothered about whether the nearest table could hear what was being said. He also wondered if the poor ex-husband knew what he was missing, then, feeling remarkably relaxed, he continued, 'The last time I made love in the water was in a hotel in Liverpool. I was filming there. The hotel was the Adelphi. Wonderful place, Victorian splendour, built when it was proper to show how much money you had, if you had it.'

'In Holland too we have some old hotels like that.'

'Well they had these enormous baths in these big bathrooms, you know, all white marble and steam, huge taps like waterspouts and lots of big soft towels. Well, I had one bath on my own and the bath tub was so big I could actually swim one stroke in the bath. Like a bloody swimming pool it was. So I thought this is ridiculous all this space and me all on my own; so I invited someone to come and share a bath.'

'Your wife?'

'No my PA actually.'

'PA? What is this?'

'In television, the Director has a general sort of helper called a PA.'

'And they fuck as well? That is a special sort of job, no?'

'Well not always,' said Anthony, 'but in my case we both got into the bath and soaped each other and so on and after a while we got down to business. She was quite small and the bath was quite big. It was really nice in the water, what with floating and being lighter and all that . . . It was all new sensations and was quite wonderful. Then she started making noises encouraging me, so I worked harder, making bigger and bigger waves on top of her . . . You have to get your rhythm right. I couldn't see much of her, what with the water, the waves, us sliding about and her being so small. In any case, I was not all that bothered at that time, with all the excitement and her encouraging me on all the time. Well, like all good things, it came to an end and I felt . . . wow! terrific! So I stopped and sort of got her out from under me and then I saw by God she was very nearly drowned! She had been yelling at me to stop. She was drowning! And I thought she was encouraging me all the time. I can tell you, it took a lot of brandies and massaging and kisses to get her into a better frame of mind . . . Bit like when we were on the sun-bed.'

Marion, worldly-wise, looked at him and laughed, 'Ahh . . . but I expect you enjoyed yourself, too, you know.'

Anthony looked at her for a long time before replying, 'Yes I did; but tonight is good. Very good.'

'Goed', said Marion. *'Heel goed.'*

Marion, all blonde, busty and beautiful, leant over the table and took his hand. 'Take your shoe and sock off. Please.' Mystified Anthony did as she asked. 'Now put your toes between my legs.' Under the table with the red-check table cloth, she guided his toes between her open thighs. He could feel . . . hair. Blonde hair as well he knew, and she had no knickers on! And slippery . . . And, oh my God, unbelievable . . .

'Deeper,' she said loudly across the table in the crowded restaurant. He decided there and then that this was definitely a first division match which could only be decided on a replay . . . or two or three or . . .

'Push,' she wriggled and groaned. Anthony breathed deeply, then shuddered and flushed. 'What is it that is wrong?' asked Marion, straightening a little in the chair.

Anthony looked sheepishly at her, feeling like a schoolboy player in the Colts Eleven. 'Own goal,' he said.

Marion looked at him a moment, then understanding dawned. Then she took his hand in her one hand and putting her other hand under the tablecloth, stroked his foot delicately. 'We

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'You can hardly join the "mile high" club if you're in the Departure Lounge can you, Sir?'

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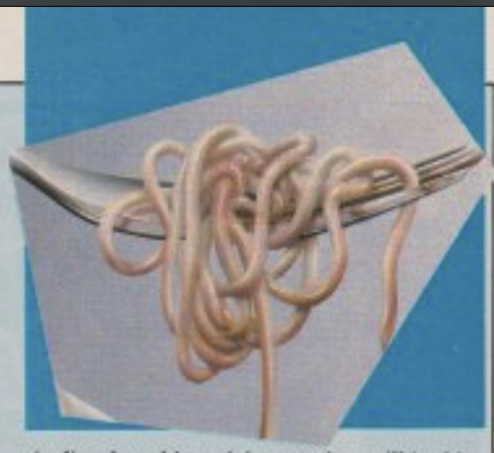
go home and make some more scores, *ja*-well?' As he paid on the way out Anthony had a moment of doubt, what if the England team were not up to it any more? But then he looked up and saw Marion at the door, pulling her sheer dress tight and smoothing it over her body back and front. It was the way she ran her hand lightly over her breasts and then over her pussy that did it. She must have known he was watching, one finger running discreetly through the valley of a thousand delights. He had an instant erection, which he bent over to conceal. No need to be so bloody obvious, he thought, walking out hunched and coughing, looking for all the world like a man with a serious disability.

Marion unlocked the front door and led him into the lounge, 'You like to do it my way?' she asked. Anthony nodded, 'First some *lekker'nay* a nice thing for you.' She knelt down and unzipped him and took his rapidly growing member in her mouth, stroking the area with both hands. Anthony looked down at this beautiful blonde giving him a blow job and gently took the back of her head and pushed all the way into her mouth. Her blonde hair fell into a rich veil around her mouth and hands. He closed his eyes and swayed to the music which was still playing. This was becoming like an extraordinary, erotic dream, he decided. Marion leant back a little, disengaging and then leant forward and very gently took his testicles in her mouth, first one then the other. It was an act of complete and mutual erotic trust.

Finally, she leant back, 'Now for me,' she said quietly.

She stood up and stepped to the sofa. She leant slightly forward, grasping the sofa back, spread her legs and pulled her dress up over her hips. There the blonde-haired focus of all Anthony's delight waited, moist and pinkly rimmed. 'Enter . . . please,' she begged. Anthony stepped forward and hesitated a while; her pussy closed and then reopened in supplication. She whimpered. Anthony lined up and then thrust into her. He could feel his stiff length being absorbed into an endless, warm, slippery tunnel. As he thrust deeper he could feel something else, like a gentle sea-anemone, opening and closing,



rippling down his straining erection, milking him effortlessly as he thrust deeper and deeper.

After a time, he knew that this was how he wanted to die. Somewhere in the distance he could hear Marion's voice rising to a scream and surprisingly he knew that he too was screaming, everything except his slippery, thrusting length was totally out of control. He had the distinct impression that his head was going to roll off as he came in an uncontrollable spasm into her joyful abyss. Holding her generous hips he thrust deeper and came again. Marion howled with delight, '*Neuk mij . . . neuk . . .* fuck me!' He could feel her clamping on to him as the world came to an end.

Then they both collapsed onto the sofa, he half across her; after a while she took his hand and put it over her wet pussy. It seemed right so he slid four, then five fingers into her and waited calmly for the great darkness to go away.

Somewhere in the background he knew there was a score to keep, but for the life of him, he could not remember what it was.

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SCENE FROM MAYFAIR

Be a smooth operator

Good news, gentlemen. Clint Eastwood isn't sexy. Neither is George Michael, Don Johnson, Harrison Ford or any of the other men who sport designer stubble. A recent survey has revealed that 70 per cent of women prefer a man to be clean-shaven than bristling with three days' growth. Full beards don't fare much better. Only 13 per cent of women said a beard made a man look sexy whilst 56 per cent maintained it made him look old. The only good news for unshaven images is that 23 per cent said it made him appear 'experienced' and 16 per cent thought it gave him the 'intelligent' look. Of those women who actually had bearded partners, none thought it improved his sex appeal! And fungus faces fare even more badly at bedtime. Around 55 per cent of women said they would prefer it if their man shaved before joining her between the sheets — although only 30 per cent of men ever think of doing so. The figures seemed very convincing until our editor (small well-trimmed goatee) and the assistant editor (unkempt ginger full set) pointed out who commissioned the survey — Wilkinson Sword, the razor-blade manufacturers.

THIS SEXY SEPTET POSED TOPLESS FOR AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHERS AT THE FOTOFOCUS 87 EXHIBITION HELD IN LEEDS. YOU MISSED IT? SO DID WE. OUR DEADLINE WAS TOO EARLY. BUT IT SEEMS A SHAME TO WASTE A PHOTO OF 14 BARE BOOBS.

Zoom off and snap it up

The beautiful blonde unclips her bra, and lets it fall to the ground. She starts to ease down her panties. It's your chance to capture her on film, just like a *Mayfair* photographer. All you have to do is focus, adjust the aperture and shutter speed, set the film speed because you forgot, focus again, find the flash unit which you left somewhere, attach it, focus again, take the lens cap off, focus again and shoot. By which time, your lady friend has probably got cold and bored and dressed again. But it doesn't have to be like that. A whole new breed of 'auto everything' cameras is flooding the market, and one of the best is the Panasonic Zoom 900. It has automatic focus, film speed, aperture and shutter speed adjustment, plus automatic flash, load and wind-on. What's more there's a liquid crystal display to tell you what it's doing, so you can still impress people with your f-numbers. But best of all is the automatic zoom lens. So you can now fill the frame with any little part of the lady's anatomy that takes your fancy from the comfort of your chair! Great for the man who doesn't know his ASA from his elbow, it retails at £179.95.

WAR PLANE FANS ARE BOUND TO BE IMPRESSED BY *BOMBING IRON*, A FINE COLLECTION OF PHOTOGRAPHS BY MICHAEL O'LEARY, PUBLISHED BY OSPREY (£6.95). SOME SUPERB AIR-TO-AIR SHOTS MAKE IT FEEL LIKE YOU'RE ACTUALLY OFF ON A SORTIE...

SCENE FROM MAYFAIR

An ill wind

Last month on these pages, we reviewed Geoffrey Wheeler's new book *Fired by Steam*. As regular readers know, Wheeler is an old friend of the magazine, contributing his technical drawings to our Christmas issue for 12 years. This year, he retired, but typically, instead of putting his feet up, embarked on a new project. He and his wife bought a working windmill in Bardwell near Bury St Edmunds in Suffolk, and set about selling their own stoneground flour. But then came the hurricane. One hundred mile-an-hour winds lashed the mill, and whilst the vanes were able to flex in the high winds, a cast iron beam broke leaving it like a rudderless boat in a storm. Much of it smashed to smithereens in the gales, and to make matters worse, some landed on his carefully restored traction engine, *Oliver*, breaking the governor. Wheeler awoke to find utter devastation, both of his new business and his lifelong hobby. However, he refuses to be daunted. Repairs are being carried out thanks to the insurance companies, and a whip-round by local folk who raised £500. In the meantime, he has had to rely on old-fashioned electricity to drive his millstones. As for *Oliver*, Wheeler expects to have him back in condition for the steam fairs in the summer. A case of back to the drawing board... We wish him every success.

FILMS

Gerald Cole

Is there really such a thing as a no-strings-attached affair? Young, happily married New York lawyer Dan Gallagher (Michael Douglas) is willing to take the chance when, left alone for the weekend, he is offered a night of bliss by a curvaceous business acquaintance, Alex Forrest (Glenn Close). As they couple energetically on the lady's kitchen sink (she's against the taps, he's standing up), before lurching across the room to her bed, the thought that he is fast acquiring a **Fatal Attraction** (18) for her does not enter Dan's head. But, no sooner has he slunk off into the dawn than Alex is ringing him, wanting to know why. When he returns to apologise for his sudden departure, she insists on a farewell kiss, drapes her arms over his shoulders and smears him with blood from the wrists she has just slashed. One man's slam-bam-thank-you ma'am is plainly another woman's lifetime commitment. Despite anger, recriminations, changes of phone number and address, the lady refuses to take no for an answer putting Dan's job, marriage and his life at risk, as she grows steadily more desperate and demented. A finely wrought film that begins as a randy romance and gradually turns into a taut thriller with a superb Hitchcockian ending.

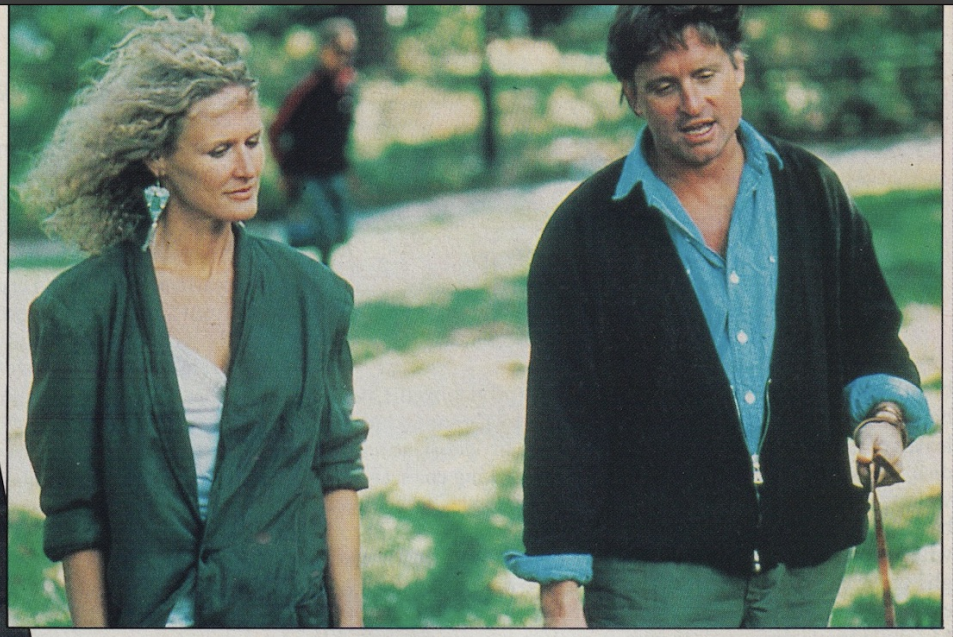
Jerry Blake (Terry O'Quinn), the hero/villian of **The Stepfather** (18) has problems with his close relationships too. A mild-mannered insurance salesman, he is outwardly the perfect husband and parent, constantly extolling the virtues of all-American family life, and lavishing affection on his wife and children. Until, that is, they inevitably fail to measure up to his exacting standards. He then begins making visits to another town, where he establishes a new identity, finds a new job and sets about acquiring a new wife and family (easy enough in America's divorce-torn suburbia) — ready for the day when he takes an axe to his old family. Shelley Hack is the latest wife, Jill Schoelen the teenage daughter who begins to suspect her stepdad has some genuine skeletons in his cupboard. A solidly realised suburban background and a chillingly real performance from Terry O'Quinn make for a distinctive and disturbing movie.

Even looking the image of the current *Playboy* centrefold fails to guarantee blond, 17-year-old high school student Chris Parker (Elisabeth Shue) **A Night On The Town** (PG). Stood up by a loutish boyfriend, she resigns herself to an evening babysitting at the Andersons — nine-year-old comic-hero-obsessed Sara (Maia Brewton) and 15-year-old Brad (Keith Coogan) who lusts vainly for his temporary guardian. But when a girlfriend, stranded at Chicago's bus terminal and threatened by down-and-outs and muggers, sends a desperate call for help, Chris is forced to drive into the city, taking her charges with her. Thus begins a night of comic mayhem, in which the ill-assorted party are pursued by numerous denizens of Chicago's underworld, including car thieves, gangsters and an irate adulterer.

Made by Spielberg protégé Chris Columbus, the film shows the master's expertise with pace and humour, and his sentimentality — there are too many nice guys in the sleazy inner city. Watch for the scene when the heroes blunder onto the stage of a negro blues club during a set and are told, 'Nobody leaves here who don't sing the blues!' In live theatre it would stop the show. Superb entertainment.

America is clearly not the only land of opportunity for men of all races, creeds and colours it's pretty good for werewolves too. Or so wimpish high school student Scott Howard (Michael J Fox) discovers when he turns one evening into a **Teen Wolf** (PG). He may have an excessive amount of facial hair, appalling fingernails and an aggressive disposition, but his superior physical powers make him the basketball team's star player and persuade the high school glamour queen (Lorie Griffin) to shed her bra for him, and much else. ('You are,' she

MARY STEENBERGEN TRAPPED IN A REMOTE SNOWBOUND HOUSE IN THE *DEAD OF WINTER*. SHE PLAYS AN ASPIRING ACTRESS WHO DISCOVERS HER PRODUCER IS INVOLVED IN BLACKMAIL AND MURDER, AND UNWITTINGLY BECOMES ROPED IN HERSELF. THEY DIDN'T WARN HER ABOUT THAT SORT OF THING AT RADA...



WHAT CONSTITUTES A FATAL ATTRACTION? IN THE FILM OF THAT NAME STARRING MICHAEL DOUGLAS AND GLENN CLOSE (THAT'S THE GIRL, BY THE WAY), IT MEANS BONKING ENERGETICALLY ON THE KITCHEN SINK, GIVING A WHOLE NEW MEANING TO 'DRAINING BOARD'.

enthuses accurately, 'an animal.') But Scott's condition proves to be hereditary and his new powers, he learns, demand an increased sense of responsibility. Michael J Fox works hard to enliven a script that is pleasing rather than inspired, which is presumably why it was first released on video. But it's worth a look in either form.

Lured to a remote, snowbound house in the **Dead Of Winter** (15), aspiring actress Katie McGovern (Mary Steenbergen) believes she is being auditioned for the lead role in a film whose female star has walked off the set. It soon becomes clear, however, that she is an increasingly unwilling pawn in a game of blackmail and murder engineered by the film's 'producer' Dr Lewis (Jan Rubes) and his deferential assistant Murray (Roddy McDowall). Tense enough at the beginning it slides into a conventional, and occasionally laughable, woman-in-peril thriller, only remarkable in that it was directed by Arthur *(Bonnie and Clyde)* Penn.

GAMES

David Jones

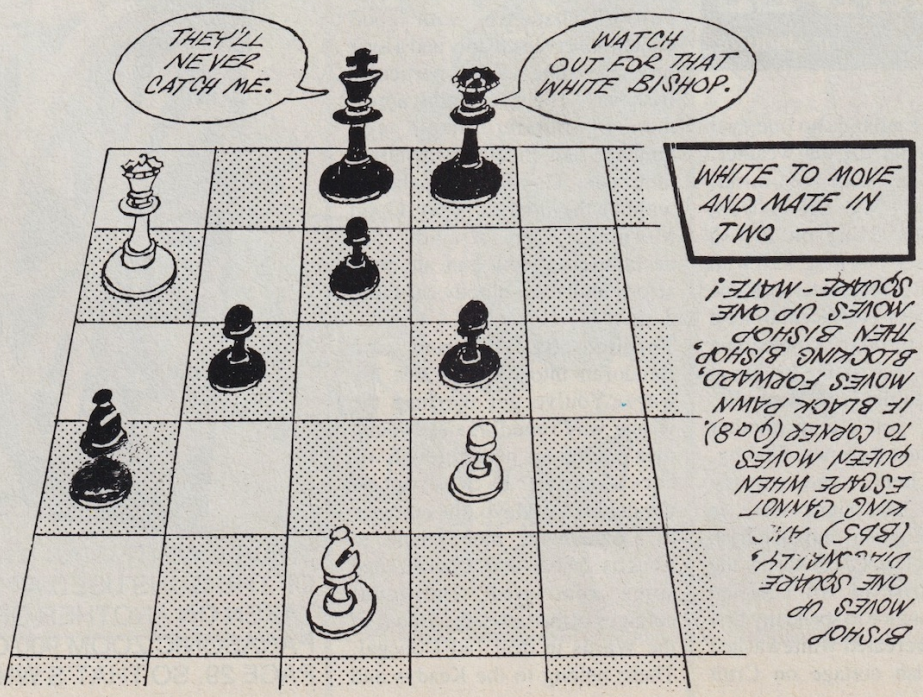
Do you have a mental image of chess as a pair of greybeards nodding over a board? Forget it — chess today is recognised as one of the most exciting games in the world.

In a famous epigram the great German grandmaster, Siegbert Tarrasch (1862 — 1934), wrote: 'I have always a slight feeling of pity for the man who has no knowledge of chess, just as I would pity the man who has remained ignorant of love. Chess, like love, like music, has the power to make men happy.'

And you can see them being made happy at the umpteen chess congresses that take place all over Britain throughout the year. There are players of all ages, even the occasional woman, and kids of eight upwards. Because one of the amazing things about chess, part of its everlasting magic and mystery, is that it fosters prodigies like music.

Chess has fascinated, beguiled, annoyed and inspired mankind since the sixth century AD and its appeal in this electronic age is stronger than ever. Its latest emanation is on TV where it is being groomed to take its place alongside fireside football-watching, snooker, darts and the rest.

Chess is related to a certain type of vision. An ability to 'see' certain paths and possibilities on the deceptively simple setting of a chessboard. You may have that type of vision without realising it. Test your ability with our problem below . . .



EATING OUT

Brian O'Hanlon

Wilson's at *236 Blythe Road, London W14 (01 603 7267)* is like a dining hall or colonial club, albeit with a somewhat red brickish hue. It has re-opened after a nasty fire and is quite fun, with polished floorboards, Victorian heavy silver and large white table cloths under two gleaming, noiseless, brass fans. The owner, Bob Wilson, offers a kind of middle class *franglaise* cuisine. The set-priced menu positively reeks of innovation. Stilton croquette, with fresh pear and peppercorn sauce, terrine of marinated duckling with red onion marmalade, and rosettes of palma ham with Stilton and celery mousse, at the same price, and an excellent concoction called *oeuf carème* (artichoke heart with a lightly poached egg topped with smoked salmon) are among the *hors d'oeuvres*. They are followed by some highly laudable mains. There's a delicious escalope of salmon with asparagus sauce,

SCENE FROM MAYFAIR

breast of pheasant with Alsatian ham and pineapple wrapped in leaves of pastry and another pastry dish — asparagus roquefort and walnuts, served with tomato and basil sauce. Most dishes arrive with a moat of sauce surrounding a glistening centrepiece, with some excellent vegetables in a side dish. My chilled watercress custard with minted pea sauce was part of the special three course lunchtime menu for £13.75 (two course cost £11.50, one course £8.50 — the three course dinner costs £16, two course £13). The custard resembled an ancient redoubt and was delicious. Fresh bread was available to mop up the minted pear, and another lovely yellowy sauce arrived with my main course of veal escalope stuffed with tuna & olives.Their desserts are excellent too. Chocolate orange mousse, marquise mango and grape fool — and the kind of bread and butter pudding one never had at school. This, you can actually get your teeth into, in preference to hurling it at Fotheringay Minor. The wine list has been assembled with just as much care, beginning at £5.50 for the two house wines, *Domaine le Pian* 1985, and a ***Domaine des Lanes.***

Prices may have altered since the time of going to press. Please check with suppliers for details.

TRAVEL

Ian Marlowe

Rather like England, no one ever goes to Ireland for the weather. Ireland is a state of mind. Incorrigible! My drive from Belfast, after flying on *British Airways* early morning 757 with an excellent breakfast, took me straight across Northern Ireland westwards through Cookstown and Omagh, across the bridge at Strabane into the Irish Republic. Remember, you are in another country — and it shows. Shabby, down at heel, and utterly entrancing. The signs were in Gaelic and English, and then Irish only as I climbed towards the Donegal coast to *An Clochan Liath*, or Dungloe to spend my first night in a recreated whitewashed thatched Irish cottage on Cruit Island (pronounced Crutch). It's owned by Conor and Mary Ward and has an open hearth with a peat fire, a rocking chair and, to be on the safe side, modern central heating. I stayed in an attic bedroom overlooking the Sound and Arranmore Island, settling down to the all-Irish 'fry'; thick backed bacon, eggs, and mushrooms picked outside my door, fried tomatoes and bread, and those enormous pots of tea the Irish insist upon after every meal. 'Have a jar?' said the man from Tipperary in the cottage 30 yards away, offering a glass of whiskey, 'A bird never flew on one wing.'

In the morning I took a walk on the *strand* (beach), with the Wards' two Irish Setters, and a ravenous appetite forming for breakfast. There was a drizzle. 'It's a soft day,' said Mr Ward, as I looked at that unmistakable peat curl of smoke from my cottage chimney, and the brooding mountains north of Gala Island and the Bloody Foreland.

Driving down Ireland's Atlantic west coast is always an unforgettable experience, no matter how many times one does it. I went southwards through Glenties and Killybegs on the north shore of Donegal Bay into Donegal Town and market day. Traffic was slow, very slow. No one minded. Sometimes it rained sometimes it didn't. It couldn't make up its mind, but there's *O'Malley's* bar. Full of character, with good Guinness served creamy and a long time a'coming in that particular Irish way. There sat cloth-capped men of indeterminable age hunched like characters awaiting their cue. Conversations began without the *invitas* — no 'Good Mornings', but straight into declaration. 'How can anybody afford to drive a bloody car these days?'

Through Ballyshannon and Bundoran into Sligo. I lost my way. 'You've got the map the wrong way round!' said a young man poking his head through my car window. It was on to Castlebar, Co Mayo, the entrance to Connemara, then inland to Loughs Mask and Corrib, and some renovated traditional cottages in the same ilk as those of the Wards in dear old Donegal. These belong to the Keadys and O'Connors of Ballinrobe. They're called *Western Pride*, after the family run bakery. More peat and 'frys' here. And in the morning, we were riding; the perfect *hors d'oeuvre* to an afternoon's golf. That evening, it was time to drive to Maam Croos, and take the road from Clifden to Oughterard, and the boreen (little road) over the bridge to *Currarevagh House*. That's been the home of the Hodgson family for five generations, and is one of Ireland's grand old country houses where they have paying guests between May and September. The talk at dinner with a good bottle of *Le Pez* was about ghillies, sea trout and salmon. June Hodgson is a marvellous cook; Harry the ultimate in good hosts. Why don't I stay? Why not? It was only £40 for a day's full board, including that dinner of delicious veal, after all, and one does like to be waited upon in such gracious style. It was late to bed. Other Anglo Irish folk are here for a few days from Dublin. *Irish Mist* or port — *Warre's* '63 — 'We'll have both,' says the old lady with the 'big house' in Bray, who buys her clothes in Bond Street. 'That way, there'll be no argument.'

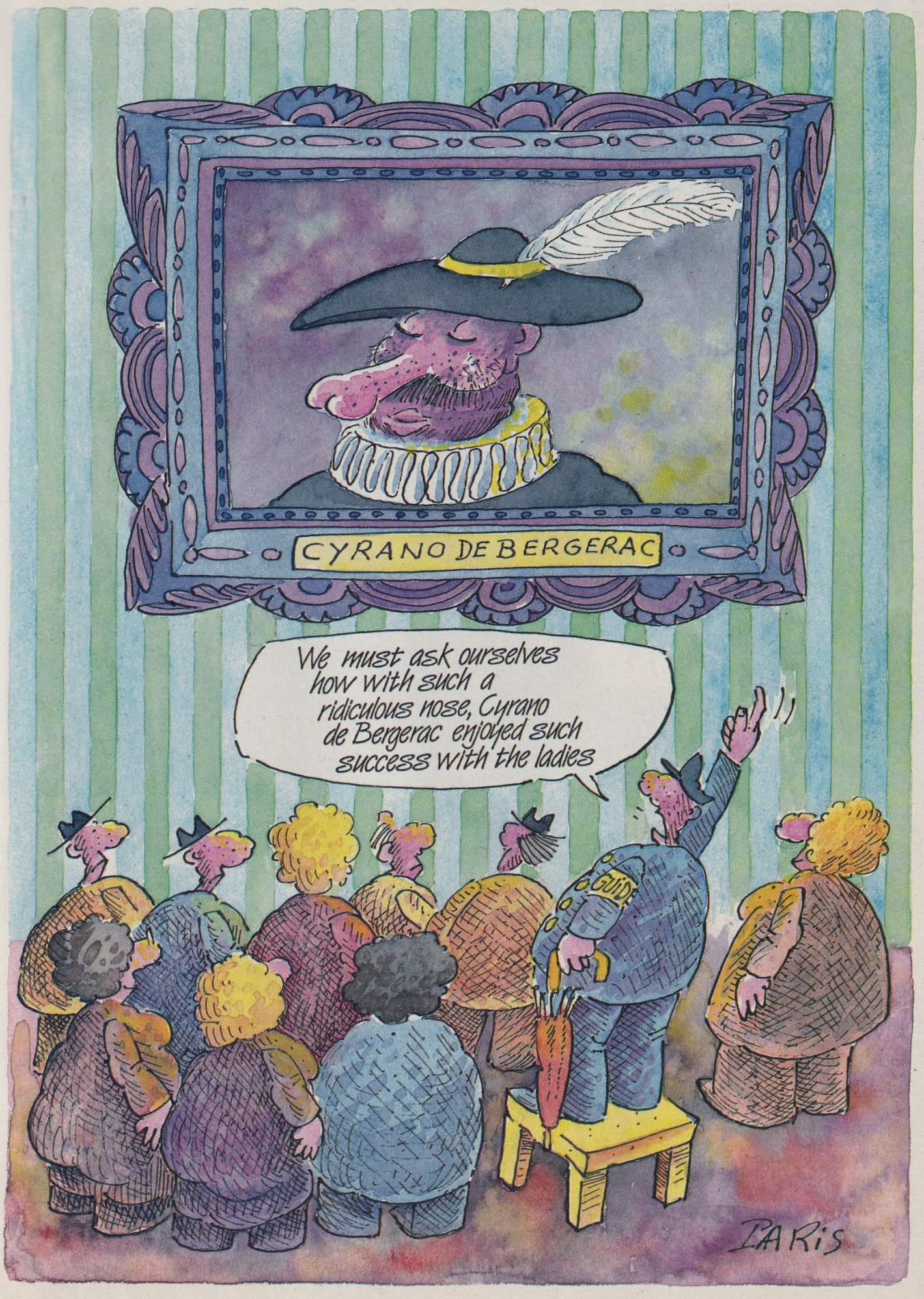
The taste of the good life got to me as I sang to Galway Bay and headed south through Clare to Shannon and on to Limerick. First, though, before I 'five-star hotelled it' — as the Irish would say — I spent an hour at Dan Murphy's *Leen's Hotel* in Abbeyfeale, the last staging post in Co Limerick before Co Kerry, Tralee and Killarney. Dan and Madeleine are old friends. They served hot whiskey, with cinnamon and sugar, and half water. Several of those and I was fit for Tralee where the annual *feis* (gathering) of The Rose of Tralee contest was being held that weekend. An Irish girl from Leeds won, and nobody took any notice of the pints of milk, insisted upon by the authorities, put on pub bars for drivers. In every one, the *Rose of Tralee* was sung, and the drive back to Abbeyfeale was quite amazing. Some drivers obviously thought they were still on winding country lanes.

My final nights were spent at the *Europe Hotel*, just outside Killarney, set into some of Ireland's most breathtaking scenery, with manicured lawns sweeping down to the waters edge, and flowers blooming in immaculately tended beds. There were *Halflingers* to ride — those safe, chestnut Austrian horses, and an enormous swimming pool with saunas, jacuzzis, a health club, and excellent wine and food.

'Did it rain much?' asked a friend back in London. 'Do you know I can't honestly remember.' I told him. Ireland gets to you like that.

For more information contact: The Irish Tourist Board, *150 New Bond Street, London W1 Tel: (01) 493 3201).*

TRAVEL WRITER IAN MARLOWE SITTING ON ONE OF THE GUNS USED AT THE SIEGE OF LADYSMITH. TAKEN ON ANOTHER OF IAN'S TRIPS WITH THE PANASONIC ZOOM 900 CAMERA REVIEWED ON PAGE 29. SO THAT'S WHERE IT GOT TO . . .


CYRANO DE BERGERAC
We must ask ourselves how with such a ridiculous nose, Cyrano de Bergerac enjoyed such success with the ladies
GUIDE
PARIS

The Monster Raving 'Loony Party's Channel Tunnel would run between Britain and the Falklands instead.

ILLUSTRATED BY GRAHAM ALLEN

General Elections will never be dull with hundreds of oddball candidates out to grab your vote, but doomed to lose their deposits

It's my party and I'll try if I want to...

Humour by Bill Lythgoe

Now is the time to prepare for the General Election.

To the politically naive, this may seem a ridiculous statement — we've only just had one, and the dust from that is still in the process of settling.

Experienced observers of the scene, however, realise that four years is barely time to lick the party into shape, paper over the cracks and polish up the public image before the whole business starts again. It does not surprise us to see the frantic epidemic of soul-searching, fudging, mudging and general atmosphere of turmoil which has stricken the Labour Party and the Alliance.

What is surprising is to hear so-called sophisticated politicians like Dr David Owen refer to a Fourth or a Fifth Party. What on earth are they talking about? Are they unaware that at least 40 parties contested the 1987 General Election?

Have they never heard of the Gold Party, the Human Party, the Creek Road Fresh Bread Party, the Fancy Dress Party, the Official Fidgeyitous Party, the Blancmange Throwers or the Rainbow Alliance Brixton Insane Extremist Section (RABIES)? These are just a few of the organisations that took the field last June. We should in fact be discussing something like a Forty-fourth or Forty-fifth Party.

One of the older established parties — considerably older than the SDP — is the venerable Official Monster Raving Loony Party. Leader Screaming Lord Sutch is in fact Britain's longest-serving party leader, a veteran of 28 General and Parliamentary by-elections. At the OMRLP's last pre-election conference, held in September 1986 in Devon, Sutch and the three other delegates discussed such important questions as, 'Why is there only one Monopolies Commission?' and 'If there's a hung Parliament, who will be the hangman?'

Policies under discussion included the launching of a national franchise of jellied eels and tripe. 'We've had enough of the American Kentucky Fried Chicken and McDonald's,' said Sutch. 'I would organise free ski-ing trips down the EEC butter mountains,' he went on. 'I would harness the energy of joggers. Instead of having them run around in circles, I would put them on a conveyor belt so that they could conduct free electricity for OAPs.'

Party chairman, Mr Alan Hope, ridiculed the Channel Tunnel, and proposed instead that there should be a tunnel from Britain to the Falkland Islands. Mr Basil Fawlty — who was reported to have changed his name to match that of his hotel — disagreed.

Delegates discussed the cementing of a formidable alliance with the Confederation of Organisations of the Republic of North Yorkshire (CORNY), which hopes to declare North Yorkshire a republic some time in 1988. Plans were made to write to all the hereditary peers, inviting them to join the Raving Loony Party and gain it valuable TV coverage in the

House of Lords. 'There have been defections to the SDP, so why not to the Monster Party?' said Lord Sutch. His only reservation about the idea is that comparison with the peers could make him look too respectable.

After Sutch's closing speech, another delegate, rock musician Rory Blackmore declared, 'You are listening to the next Prime Minister of England speaking.'

Unfortunately, this was not to be. Sutch tried to register as a candidate in Finchley, but his application was invalid because one of the required 10 signatories on the form did not live within the constituency boundaries. Such are the trivial technicalities on which the fate of nations turn. Because of this minor oversight, Sutch was unable to prevent Mrs Thatcher being re-elected as MP for Finchley, and as of January 2, 1988 she is the longest-serving British Prime Minister since Asquith.

The Monster Raving Loony Party nevertheless put up a spirited fight, and fielded its highest ever number of candidates. New policies were the privatisation of hot air from the House of Commons to heat half the homes in Britain, and a plan to turn the country into the world's largest tax haven. Alan Hope based his hopes on the opinion polls: 'They keep saying ''others'' will get 20 seats. Well, we're the others.'

Sutch complained of misrepresentation: 'Labour has pinched the word ''loony'' from us, and the Tories use ''raving'' to describe anything they hate. It wouldn't surprise me if the SDP pinched ''monster'' and then we'd have to call ourselves the Official Party.'

Mrs Thatcher was opposed unsuccessfully by Lord Buckethead of the Gremloids Party. Claiming to be a cold-blooded alien from the planet Woops, Buckethead's policies included flattening Birmingham to make way for an interstellar space station. He polled a heartening 131 votes.

Screaming Lord Sutch was not the only veteran missing from the campaign in 1987. Another sad loss was Lieutenant-Commander Bill Boakes who died the previous year, aged 81.

Commander Boakes fought 30 parliamentary byelections — even more than Lord Sutch. On over 40 other occasions he was nominated but disqualified because he failed to put up the necessary deposit. In 1985, the deposit required was raised from £150 to £500 by Leon Britten in a thankfully futile, goalpost-moving attempt to discourage what were disparagingly referred to as 'frivolous' candidates.

Mr Boakes' Democratic Monarchist White Resident, Air, Road and Public Safety Party, of which he was the sole member, was far from frivolous, The main plank in his platform was the road safety one. He used to ride around on a 140 pound armoured bike covered with placards declaring his political philosophies. On other occasions he would wheel a pramload of bricks onto pedestrian crossings to assert his rights over the hated motorist.

He once tried to bring charges against the Duke of Edinburgh for reckless driving, and against the Queen for aiding and abetting the alleged offence.

Commander Boakes' first campaign was at Walthamstow in 1951 when he put forward the revolutionary ideas of equal pay for women and the sale of council houses. His last stand was in 1982, when in fact he stood in two places at once, Birmingham Northfield and Peckham. In 31 years a total of 1,772 people voted for him. His highest total vote in one constituency was 240; his lowest five.

Some people were surprised that Boakes was allowed to seek election in more than one constituency at once, but it was not the first time this had happened. In 1918 four Sinn Fein candidates were elected to two Irish seats apiece in the House of Commons. None of them took their seats as they were in gaol at the time.

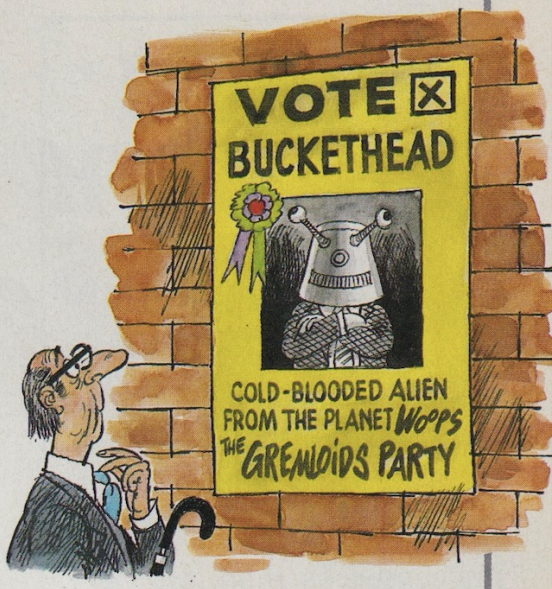
The record for multi-seat standing is held by Messrs T L Keen and Harold Smith who, between them, contested 29 constituences in the General Election of October 1974.

In January 1986, a 'mini-election' was held in Northern Ireland when 15 Unionist MPs resigned in protest at the Anglo-Irish agreement. In four constituencies, where the Unionist candidates would have been returned unopposed, they put up what they called a 'dummy' candidate to facilitate 'the exercise of democracy'.

This completely bogus candidate, on whose behalf no campaigning was done, was named Peter Barry in all four constituencies. It was, in fact, a dig at the Irish government, whose foreign minister happened at the time to be called Peter Barry. Peter Barry polled a total of 6,777 votes. It will be noted that this is more than three times Commander Boakes' lifetime total. There is a moral here somewhere.

To the casual observer Mr Roy Jenkins stood twice in the same constituency — Glasgow Hillhead — during a by-election. In one incarnation he was Roy Harris Jenkins, former Common Market President (Social Democrat); in the other he was Roy Harold Jenkins, formerly Mr Douglas Parkin. Mr Woy Jenkins (formerly Mr Neil Robertson), also representing the SDP (Student-grants Doubled Party), was banned.

Other organisations which have contested elections in the recent past are the Father Christmas Party, Hackney Gay Window Cleaners Against the Cuts Party, the Pro-Nuclear Holocaust Masturbation Freedom Party, the Freight Off The Roads No Deposit



Buckethead's policies included flattening Birmingham to make way for an interstellar space station.

A vote for Screaming Lord Sutch is a vote for 'free skiing trips down the EEC Butter Mountains'.

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Vote for the Father Christmas Party, the Connoissuer Wine Party or the Ereck Shun All Night Party.

Increase Party, the Yoga and Meditation Party, the Connoisseur Wine Party, the Juan King All Night Party, the Ereck Shun All Night Party, and last, but definitely not least, the Captain Floccinaucinihilipilification All Night Sensible Party.

It has been suggested that, to stand even an outside chance, these parties should get together. Comedian Coluche, who stood for French Presidency, tried to put this idea into practice. He claimed to be the official candidate representing all minorities — taxi drivers, hairdressers, farmers, roller-skate makers, cynics, anarchists, gays, old people, the unemployed, the filthy, the long-haired and all those who have done nothing. 'For 50 years they have voted for intelligent and competent people who have taken them for imbeciles. Today I am giving them the chance to vote for an imbecile,' he said.

As far as I know, Coluche was the first to propound the revolutionary theory that 'many minorities, laid end to end, make a majority.' This was in 1981, about 18 months before the Labour Party stumbled upon the same idea.

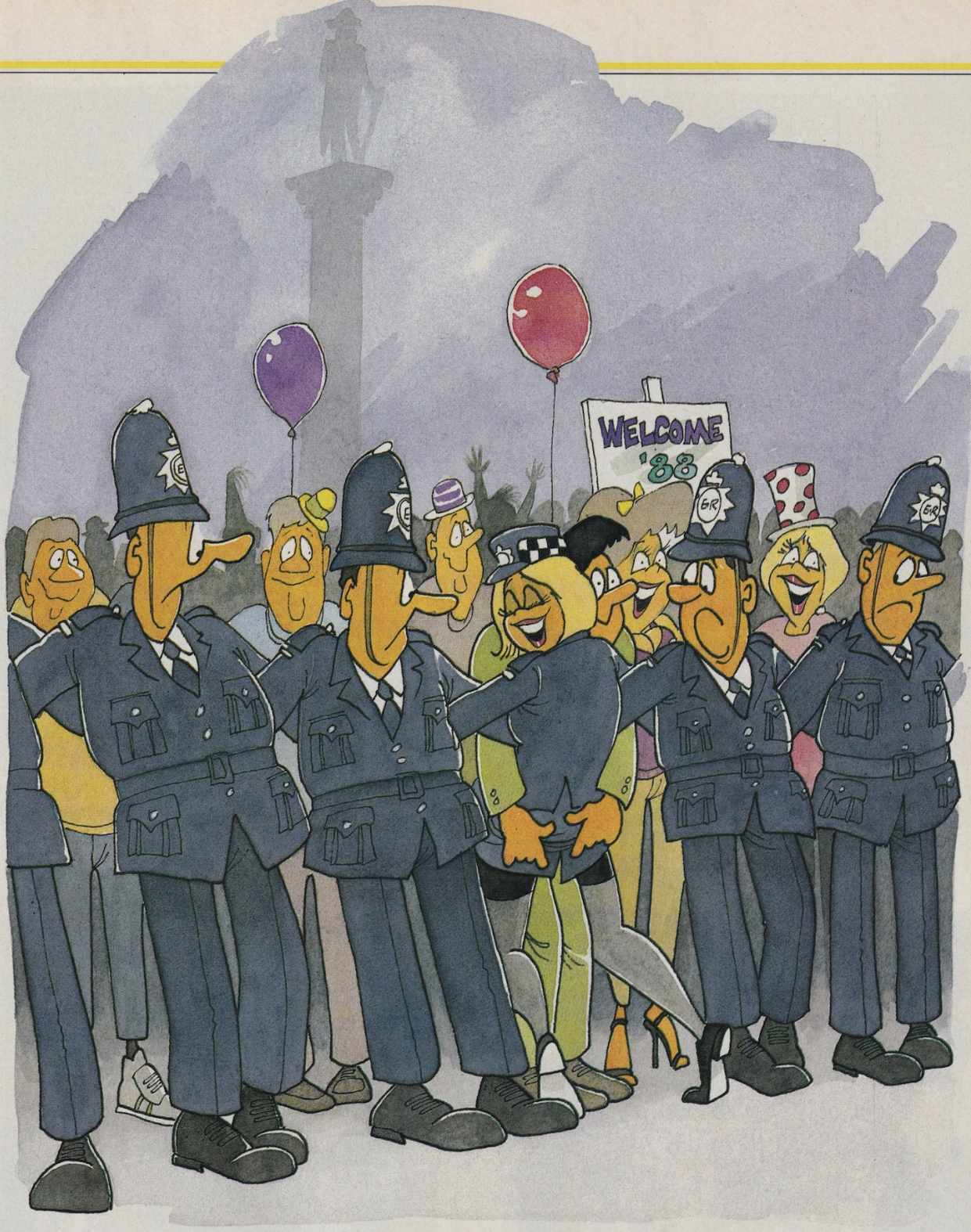
I'm not at all sure, though, that the theory holds water. Is it not more probable that the minorities instead of adding to one another, subtract from each other instead? Consider, for example, a hypothetical Lesbian Dwarf Throwers Party. Instead of attracting the votes of all lesbians and all dwarf throwers, surely it would appeal only to those who were lesbians *and* dwarf throwers — a minority of a minority? Or to an even smaller minority, the throwers of lesbian dwarfs.

Boakes would wheel a load of bricks onto a crossing to assert his right over the dreaded motorist

No, as the old parties decline, what is needed is a new party that is expanding. Some of the new ones are in fact growing at an amazing rate. For example, the little known Rainbow Alliance, sometimes known as Captain Rainbow's Party, or the Captain Rainbow Universal Party to Abolish Parliament.

Although they polled only 37 votes in the Fulham by-election of April 1986, just six months later this had trebled to an impressive 111 in Knowsley North. If their vote continues to treble every six months, by late 1991 6,554,439 people will be voting for them — getting on for an over all Commons majority.

By 1993 they will be able to muster more votes than there are people in the country. In fact, I would suggest that a change of name — to the simpler Captain Rainbow Alliance Party (CRAP) — might speed up even more the arrival of the sweet smell of success.

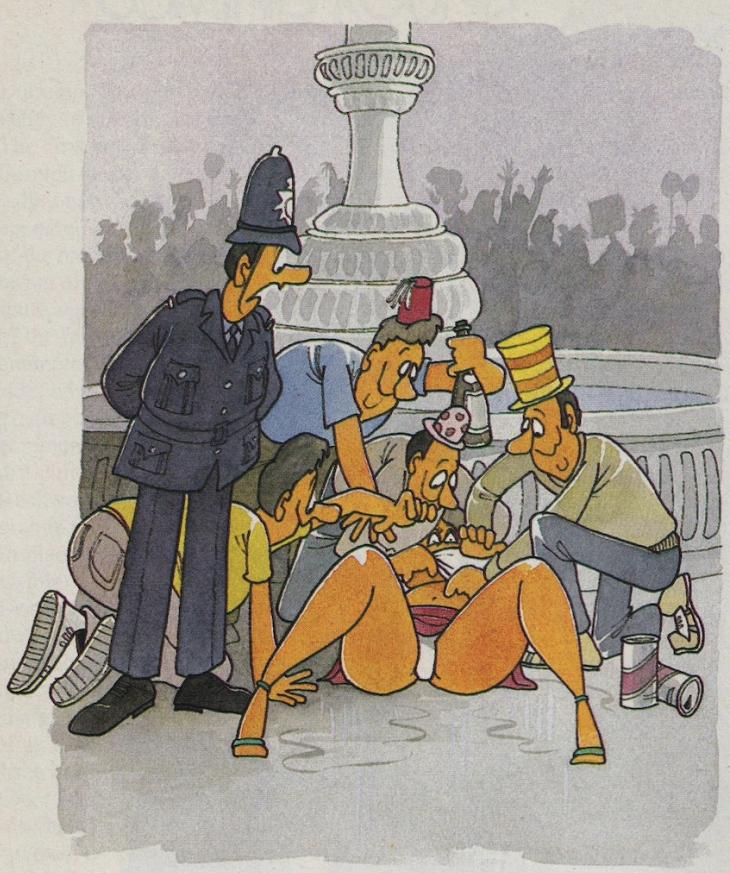


COPS AND REVELLERS

New Year is a time for celebration

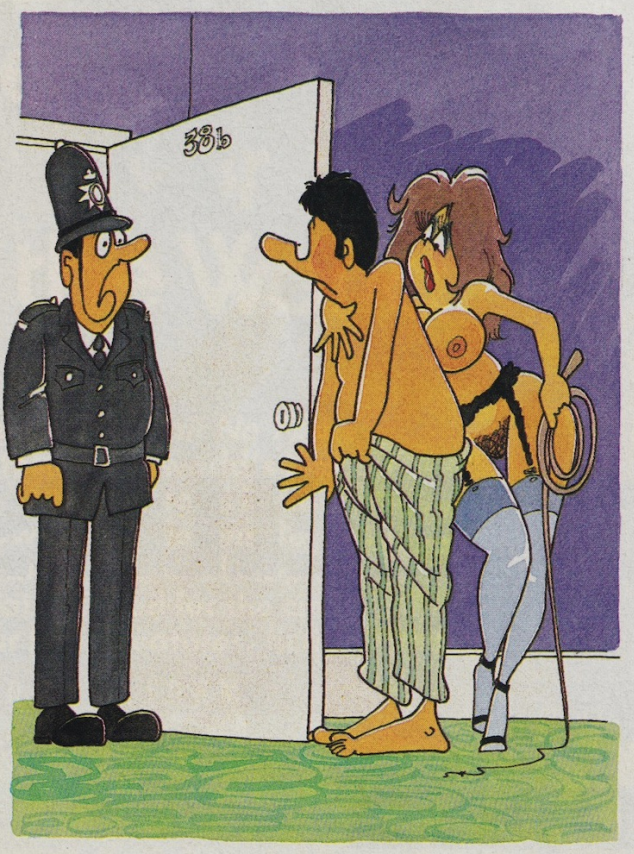
but, says Anthony, for our boys and girls on the beat

it can also provide some arresting sights



'Now that wasn't very clever, Miss, jumping into the fountain wearing a T shirt and no bra.'

'She doesn't need a breathalyser — she has her own way of seeing if he has had too much to drink.'

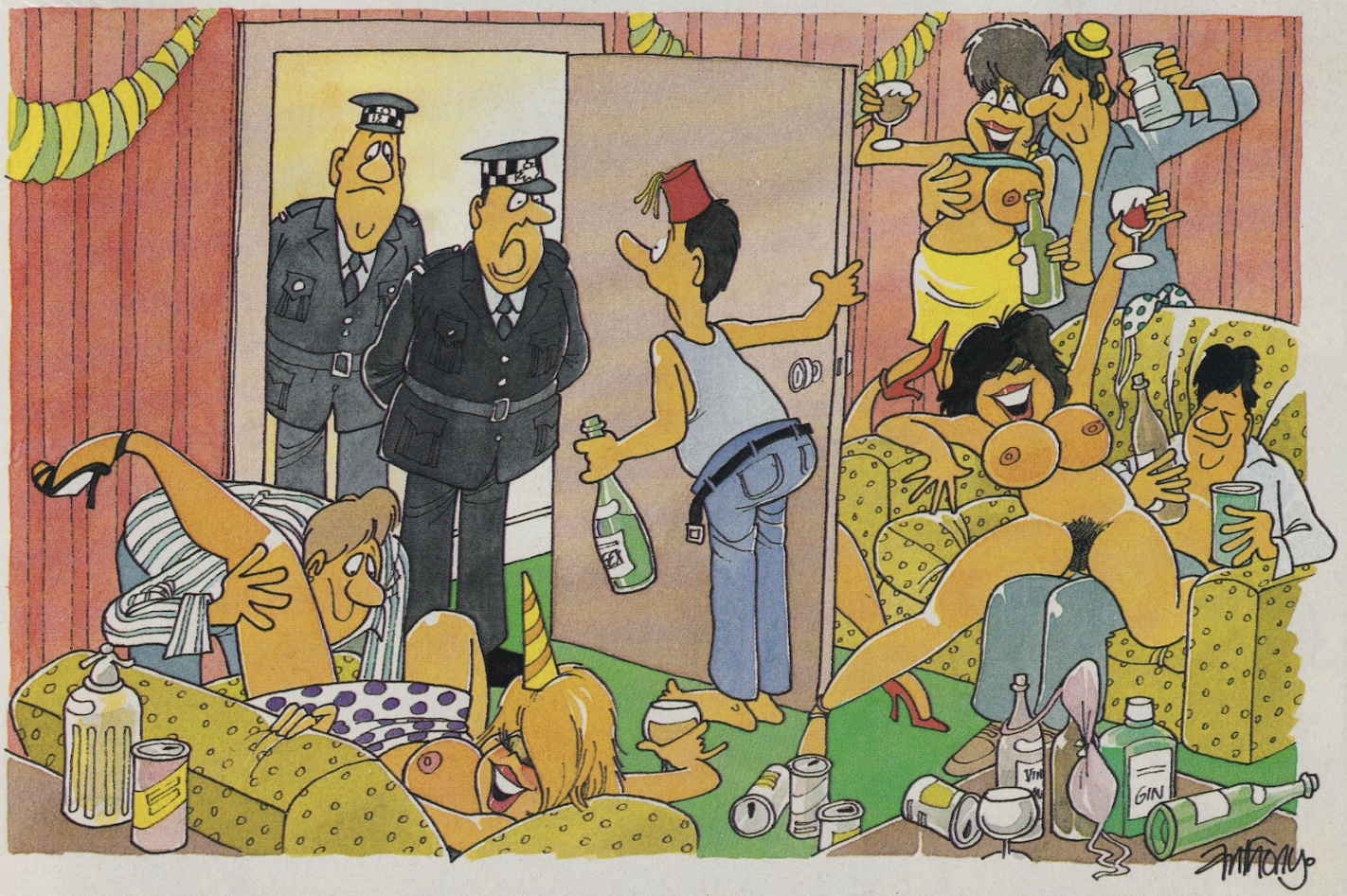


'The people having a party in the flat above have complained about all the noise you're making.'

'Drunk and disorderly, resisting arrest, and attempting to bribe two police officers, Sarge.'

'I know the Chief Inspector said keep a low profile — but this is ridiculous!'

'Your personal effects will be returned when you're released, madam.'



'No-one is saying you can't make a bit of noise celebrating the New Year — but that was six days ago, sir.'

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CARRIE

It all comes down when Carrie clears up after Christmas

YEOOOW!
OFFICE MEMO
Re: Christmas Decorations
AS IT'S TWELFTH NIGHT, EVERYTHING MUST COME DOWN.

GENTLEMEN THAT REMINDS ME. . .

A ROUND-UP OF AFTER-DINNER JOKES

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RONALD COBB

A man arrived home from the office in the afternoon unexpectedly, and found his wife in bed with another man.
'Who is this guy?' he demanded as he stormed into the bedroom. His wife looked up unruffled.
'I don't know, darling, it's a new one on me.'

When Michael O'Flynn died, the family celebrated in the best Irish style. O'Flynn was dressed up and laid in his coffin, whilst the relatives and friends gathered around him for the wake. Then the next day he was buried.
Two days later, the family received a bill for £25. Not sure what it was for, they ignored it. A month later, a bill for £50 arrived which again they decided to throw away. Another month passed, and another invoice arrived, this time for £75.
'What's that?' asked Old Mrs O'flynn.
'It's just another of dem bills,' replied her son casually.
'Who is it that keeps sending them?'
'Some firm called Moss Bros.'
'Never heard of them, it must be a mistake,' said Mrs O'Flynn. 'Oh hang on, though, wasn't that the shop where you got that nice cheap suit we buried Michael in?'

At Steve's All Night Disco, Miss Pincher
Found all of the girls trying to lynch her.
She told magistrates
She got into Dire Straits
After shaking Stephen's twelve incher.

A rather effeminate man went for a job down a Yorkshire coal mine.
'Do you have any experience of working down t'pit?' asked the foreman when he turned up in a pink satin boiler suit.
'Not much, sweetie,' he replied.
'For example,' continued the bluff Yorkshireman, 'do you know anything at all about gas regulations?'
'Now you mention it, yes,' replied the young man. 'It's Mark Two for soufflés and Mark Five for sponge puddings.'

Share your after-dinner anecdotes. Send them to 'Jokes', Mayfair magazine, 95a Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ. There are free subscriptions for readers whose jokes are selected, and £10 will be paid for each limerick. We no longer acknowledge receipt of jokes. Invididual subscription winners are notified by letter as to when their subscription starts. In the event of duplication among those jokes submitted, the Editor's decision on the awarding of a subscription to the winner is final.

Great Quotes of Our Time:
Mae West is one of America's greatest ribald wits. In later life, she has been asked to comment on all manner of subjects, even all-in wrestling. She has never lost any of her sparkle. Her reply? 'If it's all-in, why wrestle?'

Did you hear about the pygmy red indian?
Every scalp be brought home either had a hole or a handle.

And talking of red indians. . .
We've heard of a Chief in the Sioux tribe who had three wives. He slept with one on a hippopotamus skin, one on a buffalo skin and one on the skin of his late lamented pony. All three got pregnant and had babies. The wife he bonked on the pony skin had a girl, the wife on the buffalo skin had a boy and the wife on the hippopotamus skin had twins — a boy and a girl.
Which just goes to prove the theory; the squaw on the hippopotamus is equal to the sum of the squaws on the other two hides.

What's the difference between a new penny and the Mersey?
A new penny is shiny bright. . . .

'Je t'adore,' whispered the amorous Frenchman into the ear of the sweet young thing as he gently unclipped her bra and kissed her nipples.
'Shut it yourself,' she replied angrily.

Near the end of term, a student approached a prostitute, desperate for sex but somewhat impoverished.
'How much is it, then?' he asked.
'£20,' replied the prostitute.
The student rummaged in his pockets, but was only able to find a pound coin.
'Sorry, I've only got a pound.'
'Oh well, forget it. Look I sometimes charge from as low as £10, but no less.
'Hang on,' said the student in desperation. 'I bought these trainers yesterday, they were £9. Would you accept those?'
'Oh alright', said the girl. 'But don't expect me to get worked up over £1 and a pair of plimsols.'
The student handed them over and they went upstairs to her room. Immediately they stripped off, and the student climbed on top of her. He humped away whilst beneath him the prostitute lay back nonchalantly, barely taking an interest in the proceedings. A couple of minutes of activity later, though, the student felt her arm sliding around his bare back. It was followed by her other arm, and then her legs wrapped around his waist. She even began to move slightly with the rhythm.
The student was encouraged and slightly flattered.
'Couldn't stop yourself getting worked up then?' he whispered in her ear with an air of confidence.
'Not exactly,' replied the pro. 'I just thought I'd try on the trainers you gave me while I was waiting.

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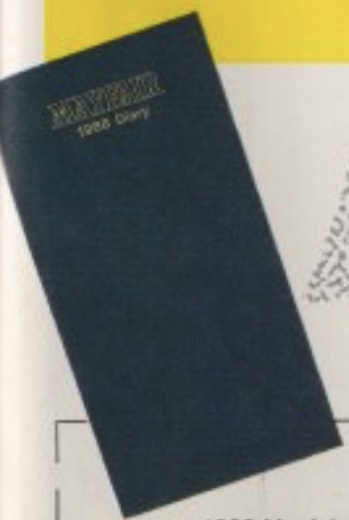

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OG

Born 200 years ago this month, Byron was Britain's most outrageous great poet. Aristocratic and amoral, handsome yet crippled, he was a tireless seducer. He had over 200 conquests on one Greek holiday alone, and sacrificed countesses and chamber maids, handsome youths and his own half-sister to his rapacious appetites

BYRON: LORD OF THE LIBIDO

By Graham Chainey

He was handsome, aristocratic, rich; and utterly amoral. At Cambridge he kept a pet bear and became infatuated with a choirboy. At the age of 22 he swam the treacherous, one-and-half-mile tidal race of the Hellespont, despite being born with a deformed foot. At 24 he wrote an instant best-seller, making him overnight one of Europe's most celebrated and feted authors. From the age of 17 he was a relentless and indefatigable seducer, his conquests ranging from society beauties to an Italian baker's wife, handsome Greek youths to his own half-sister. He was — in the words of his most notorious mistress — 'mad, bad and dangerous to know.' He was George Gordon Byron, Lord Byron, whose racy and romantic poetry was only matched by the notoriety and excesses of his short-lived life.

The Byrons were always characters. Back in 1540, at the dissolution of the monasteries, 'Little Sir John with the Great Beard' had acquired Newstead Abbey in Nottinghamshire, turned it into an embattled castle, and lived a life of fabled luxury there. The first Lord Byron had earned his barony during the Civil War by leading a royalist cavalry regiment into the Battle of Edgehill with typical, intemperate courage. Under the Commonwealth his wife became the exiled Charles II's seventeenth mistress.

The fifth Lord Byron was known as the 'Wicked

ILLUSTRATION BY ROGER JONES

BYRON: LORD OF THE LIBIDO

Left: Byron in mid-twenties. Bottom left: his half-sister Augusta Leigh; they were almost certainly lovers. Bottom right: the baker's wife, Margarita Cogni, Byron seduced in Venice.

Lord'. After killing his neighbour in a duel in a tavern, he retreated into reclusion at Newstead, cut down his forests to pay his gambling debts, slaughtered all his deer, evicted his wife and replaced her with a serving wench, then devoted his leisure to fighting miniature naval battles on the lake, or lying on the kitchen floor racing cockroaches up and down his person. His younger brother John, the poet's grandfather, was an admiral in the navy known as 'Foulweather Jack' on account of the storms his ships invariably ran into.

John's son, 'Mad Jack Byron', was a captain in the Guards and a dissolute rake. He eloped with the Lord Chamberlain's wife to France, where she got a divorce, married him, and died giving birth to a daughter, Augusta. Then, having rattled through this first inheritance, 'Mad Jack' married a Scottish heiress, Catherine Gordon, and quickly consumed her fortune too, so that by the time their son was born, on January 22, 1788, she was as good as ruined, living in rented rooms in London, while he slipped back to France to escape the creditors. Interestingly, there is evidence that Mad Jack's real love was for his own sister, with whom he cohabited before his squalid and destitute death in 1791. In a characteristic gesture, his will named his three-year-old son, George Gordon Byron, 'heir of my real and personal estate' (there was none) and charged him 'to pay my debts, legacies, and funeral expenses'.

Returning to her native country, Mad Jack's widow brought up little George in Aberdeen. He proved a difficult, precocious boy, born with paralysed or deformed feet that made walking an agony — made worse by the special boots prescribed by quacks. His nurse is said to have read the Old Testament to him all day, instilling into him a fear of hell fire, then at night to have 'come to bed to him and played tricks with his person'. He later confessed that 'my passions were developed very early — so early that few would believe me if I were to state the period, and the facts which accompanied it', and it seems that his subsequent sexual confusion, and his inability to reconcile sex with love, save in the context of forbidden liaisons, were the results of these early experiences.

The Wicked Lord died when George was ten and, there being no direct descendant, he inherited the title and the now ruinous Newstead. The sixth Lord and his mother moved to Nottingham while the estate was put to rights, and, in 1801, to acquire an education befitting his new rank, he was sent to Harrow. It was there that his powerful character began to emerge. He stood up against bullies, learnt to swim and play cricket (he participated in the 1805 Eton v Harrow match, employing a runner because of his leg), wrote his first poems, mused in solitary meditation on a tomb in the local churchyard, led a riot in protest at a new headmaster, won prizes, and enjoyed a stream of sentimental infatuations for younger boys. In his holidays he burned with unrequited love for Mary Chaworth, descendant of a Nottinghamshire neighbour the Wicked Lord had killed, and who slighted him as 'that lame boy', marrying instead a worthy local squire.

In 1805 Byron went up to Trinity College, Cambridge, though he was more often absent than in residence. Though he had one of the best allowances in college — £500 a year — he ran through it as recklessly as his father had run through heiresses' fortunes and had to borrow huge sums at ruinous interest from London usurers. He took rooms in Piccadilly and a mistress in Brompton, whom he dressed in man's clothes and passed off as his brother 'Gordon'. (There was some awkward explaining to do when 'Gordon' had a miscarriage at a family hotel in Bond Street.) He also went to John 'Gentleman' Jackson to learn boxing, and to Henry Angelo for fencing lessons. When he reappeared at Trinity in a carriage-and-four with Jackson, Angelo, 'Gordon' and others in train, his tutor remarked on the company he was keeping, to which Byron retorted that their manners were 'infinitely superior to those of the fellows of the college'.

During his Cambridge interludes Byron swam in the river, kept a pet bear, dined and drank furiously, and became infatuated with a Trinity choirboy, John Edleston. 'His voice first attracted my notice, his countenance fixed it, and his manners attached me to him forever.' Their romance was apparently platonic — just — and in retrospect Byron maintained that Edleston was 'the only human being that ever loved me in truth and entirely'. When his first volume of poems, *Hours of Idleness*, appeared in 1807, it further alienated the dons with its lampoons of them, and caused embarrassment among his Notting-hamshire neighbours by its prurient lyrics addressed to their daughters.

After Cambridge, Byron divided his time for a while betweeen Newstead — where he invited his college cronies for boisterous parties, drank wine from a polished skull, and got the chambermaid pregnant — and London, where he swam three miles down the Thames from Lambeth, celebrated his 21st birthday frugally (he was an obsessive dieter), and took his seat in the Lords. Then, in June 1809, he and his best friend, John Hobhouse, took ship for the Grand Tour.

In Lisbon he swam the Tagus. In Seville his hostess exchanged locks of hair with him at parting (hers was three feet long), a custom to be observed at most stops on the journey. Cadiz he found 'full the finest women in Spain', noting with approval how 'if you make a proposal which in England will bring you a box on the ear from the meekest of virgins, to a Spanish girl, she thanks you for the honour you intend her'. From Gibraltar he sailed for Malta, where he lent his heart (temporarily) to a romantic society lady. In September he arrived in Albania, where Ali Pasha, the aged ruler, 'received me in a large room, paved with marble; a fountain was playing in the centre. He said he was certain I was a man of birth because I had small ears, curling hair, and little white hands. He begged me to visit him often and at night, when he was at leisure.' (Byron was delighted about his ears.) At Jannina on October 31 he penned the first lines of the long autobiographical poem, *Childe Harold's*

turn to page 114

From 3½hp midgets to a 28,000cc monster, Fiat's vast range of cars has built up an empire worthy of the Romans

Motoring with William Boddy

Photographed by Andrew Morland

FIATissimo

Main picture left: The Fiat 500, introduced in the mid-fifties. Opposite above: Looking down the bonnet of a 1927 Fiat 509A Tourer. Two top pictures: The Fiat 509A revealing its fine leather-clad interior. Below: Another two views, this time of a 1953 Fiat 500C Estate. Bottom: A Fiat Spyder built in 1965 with an 850cc power unit.

Big is beautiful — I am sure you like 'em big — and in motoring parlance that means VW, General Motors, Ford, Toyota — and Fiat. Indubitably Fiat, which by its very might cannot fail to command respect. I remember going to Turin some years back, to look over Fiat factories and new models. We journalists stayed in a fine, modern hotel which we were informed was owned by Fiat. With dinner came a fine wine — from the Fiat vineyards, of course. Next morning the daily newspaper was handed round — owned and printed by Fiat, naturally. During the day, I was asked by one of Fiat's ordinary drivers if I would like to see inside a new hall being built for the Olympics, or World Cup football, or something of the sort. On saying I would, he proceeded to drive me inside the vast, uncompleted building. 'Are we allowed?', I asked. 'But yes; the building *is* Fiat's,' came the reply I should by now have expected. That is Fiat, the motor company that owns Italy, ruled over by the genial Agnelli.

If you want to appreciate the full scope of this influential company you must ask to be shown over the Fiat Model Museum. Here, there is a miniature of everything ever made and sold by the worldwide Fiat organisation, all in perfect detail and to exact scale. Cars, of every kind, railway carriages, rolling stock, locomotives, aeroplanes, aero-engines, tractors, engines-of-war; they are all there, so numerous that the only means of accommodating them all was as models. And what perfect models these are. I was allowed to hold a large scale reproduction of a sports Balilla Fiat and was even shown how the loos functioned in those tiny railway carriages! Every model is superb; however, one carriage was returned to its maker with the complaint that the bolts holding the panels on were not to scale, although it almost required a magnifying glass to see them. . . !

Fiat started in July 1899, almost before the motor-car had been properly born, with a group

Main picture and two top left: The Fiat 508 TT. Three distinct views of a 1936 model open-top. It had an engine capacity of 1100cc. Above right: A yellow Fiat 850 sports coupé, made in 1970. The pictures below that: Two views of a Fiat 508C Cabriolet with its grey leather interior. This model was made in 1937 and also had an engine size of 1100cc.

of keen, young Italians meeting in Turin's *Palazzo Bricherasio*, among them 33 year-old, Cavalry Officer Giovanni Agnelli, an enthusiastic amateur engineer. It was at that meeting that the Fiat car empire was conceived. That same year, the first Fiat, a little 3½hp car, was produced in which Count Roberto Biscaretti, another founder, took his family motoring. In the later little Fiats, the engine had two cylinders and a capacity of only 697cc. From these humble beginnings, Fiat soon progressed to making the large cars expected in Edwardian times, after they had run up a series of smaller models, such as the 8hp and 12hp Fiats. By 1903, all were four-cylinder cars such as the dependable 16/20, with an engine having 'square' dimensions of 100 x 100mm bore and stroke, giving a swept volume of 4,181cc.

It was not long before more monstrous cars were on the agenda, and Fiat were early with the advanced overhead-camshaft engine. Their bigger cars tended to resemble the epoch-making Mercedes, and soon Fiat were taking part in the great French road races, run over immense distances and under conditions which tested the drivers as much as the machinery. Agnelli, head of this growing Fiat empire, paid royalties to Stuttgart for Mercedes ideas, and they were not long in joining Mercedes in races. So successful was Fiat by 1906, that they were turning out more than 1,000 cars a year, compared to a mere 300 by Isotta-Fraschini (who were then Fiat's closest national rivals). They were also well able not only to build fine racing cars but to engage the top drivers of the day, like Felice Nazzaro and Vincenzo Lancia (both of whom turned to making their own cars in later times).

In those experimental years of motor-car development, much store was set by racing successes. Fiat won the three leading European road-races of 1907 with the customary giant racing-cars of that heroic age. The debonaire Felice Nazzaro, idol of the ladies, finished first in the Targa Florio in Sicily, the Kaiserpreis in Germany and the Grand Prix in France, and Fiat's fame was assured. Sales that year increased by 278, to a total of 1,365 and D'Arcy Baker, who handled the make in Great Britain, obtained orders for 200 — not bad for a country hedged about by anti-motoring officialdom and a 20mph speed limit. When Nazzaro came to Brooklands in 1908 and beat the might of Britain's top six-cylinder, the Napier, with the

FIAT
DPL
998

PMP 350R

X1/9
PMP 350R

Near left: A left-hand drive Fiat Dino Spyder sports-car. It had a Ferrari-built V6 engine. Far left: Two views showing the qualities of a 1977 Fiat XI9. Below (top to bottom): A 1955 500cc Fiat Topolino. A 1949 500cc Fiat Saloon, and 1956 600D Cabriolet.

enormous chain-drive Fiat racer, *Mephistopheles* (little more than a chassis, a four-cylinder 18,145cc engine, and a couple of bucket seats), in a much publicised Match Race, the esteem earned by Fiat rose to new heights, especially as the electrically-timed Nazzaro had lapped the Weybridge track at no less than 121.64mph.

Fiat was building big, thinking nothing of a 28,352cc top-heavy monster in pursuit of the Land Speed Record. Yet, at the opposite extreme, its taxicabs saw service in London and Fiat trucks and vans were popular commercial vehicles. Fiat was ready for the post-World War One motoring boom. Agnelli had persuaded the company lawyer, Cavalli, to design a 1½-litre Fiat, the famed Tipo 501. It was quite heavy for its size, not all that fast, but it could go both up and down Alpine passes with alacrity. It put Fiat into the mass-market by sheer good manners and reliability.

The Fiat colossus which, by this time, was building aero-engines, railway engines, rolling-stock for railways, enormous stationary and marine engines, successful racing-cars and much else besides, now had a hold on the small-car customer. It was a grip which Fiat was never to relax.

To list all the car types Fiat made along the years would require a hefty book. They ranged from that 501, through medium-sized cars, to luxury closed motor-carriages, of which the big Fiat Forty six-cylinder with its huge brake drums is a good example, but the 6.8-litre V12-cylinder SuperFiat of 1921/22 is perhaps better forgotten. Almost all the other Fiats, however, were either exceedingly successful or left their mark on a particular market.

By 1922 Fiat were again successful on the European racing circuits, under the 2-litre ruling, so much so that the great Louis Coatalen of Sunbeam copied their design blatantly in order to claim the first British victory in the prestigeous French Grand Prix. Fiat had pioneered the proper supercharging of road-racing cars and if their aero-engines failed to win the Schneider Trophy seaplane race, one of them would gain the absolute air-speed-record.

By 1925 the light-car theme had produced the

FIATissimo

Fiat 509 from the Turin drawing-boards. In England, the newly-arrived baby-cars, which followed the immortal Austin Seven, were pram-like little scuttlers, mostly endowed with engines of 850cc or less. The 509 had none of these attributes, preferring a roomy wheelbase able to seat four adults in a touring or saloon body. The car was propelled by an overhead-camshaft 990cc engine, with a warning light to show low oil-pressure; normally, in those days, an oil gauge was fitted.

In the mid-1930s, Fiats acquired Americanised lines. The fine lightweight sports model, the Balilla, with well-spaced gear ratios, was introduced and much appreciated by English sporting drivers. It was based on the good-handling capabilities of the 1,100cc Balilla saloon. The truly tiny Fiat arrived in 1934 and I well recall looking at it at the Olympia Motor Show and thinking it would be unlikely to find any friends here. We were used to lofty little box-like cars of conventional shape. Here was a miniature motor with a coal-scuttle bonnet, the radiator behind the engine and a capacity of only 569cc, giving just 13bhp at 4,000rpm.

I was wrong. The Fiat 500, dubbed the 'Topolino' or 'Mickey Mouse', caught on as soon as we had driven it. A four-speed gearbox and independent front suspension enabled it to motor safely around and away from the antiquated Austin Seven. Hydraulic brakes helped, too, as opposed to those non-anchoring, Austin cable-brakes. So the Fiat 500 was a winner from the start, was tuned to go faster than intended by the speed-merchants, and even got its own one-make race at Brooklands.

Fiat never foresook this tiny-engine receipt for motoring economy. After the war Dr Giacosa discovered that an air-cooled, verticle-twin-cylinder power-pack would serve a baby Fiat effectively, and by 1957 the rear-engined 479cc Fiat 500 was announced. It was capable of poking out 15hp at 4,000rpm, aided by push-rod overhead-valves; whereas the pre-war four-pot 500 had been a side-valve. Both were also made abroad, the first 500 by NSU in Germany, the post-war 500 by Steyr-Puch in Austria. The slightly bigger (499½cc) 500D was introduced in 1960, and by tilting the engine over and putting it beneath the floor, the ingenious Fiat Giardiniera station wagon was conceived, which Autobianchi later made at Desio.

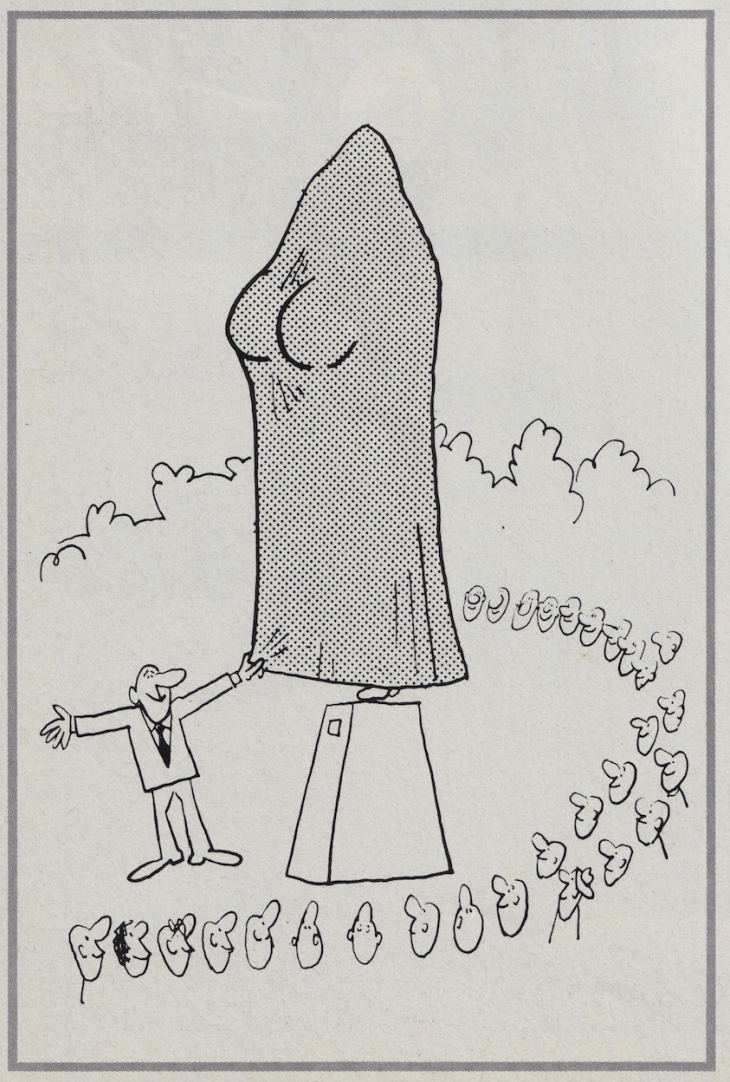
I believe it has since been said that had Fiat realised how successful their air-cooled mites would become, they might not have bothered with the in-line, water-cooled, four cylinder Fiat 600 (also rear-engined) that was announced by 1955. It had a 633cc, 24½bhp engine, enlarged to 767cc (29bhp) by 1960, for the 600D. These were smooth-running little Turiners, however.

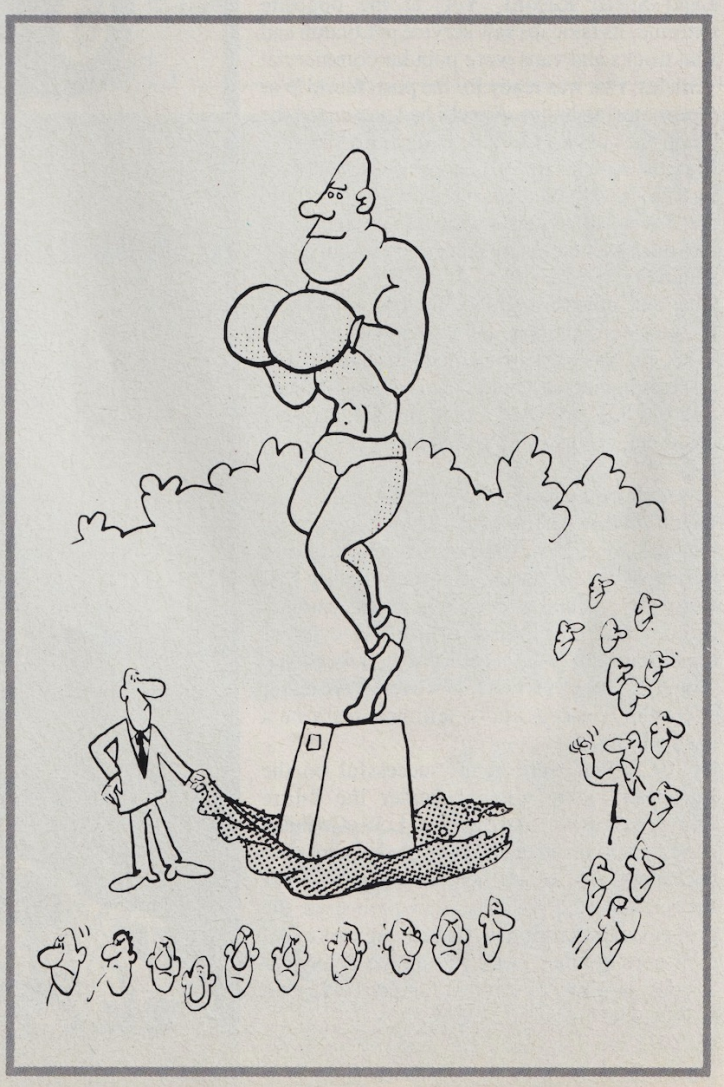
If all this suggests that Fiat had forsaken bigger cars, nothing is further from the truth. At the same time as the first 'Topolino' came on the scene, the 2800cc Six arrived. It had a Pininfarina bodywork and for the remainder of those times, a steering-column gear lever. Current with the 600D were the Fiat 2300 and 2300S.

This expertise with small-engined economy cars gave Fiat their excellent 850cc power unit, used to very good effect in the Spyder 850 in the mid-1960s. Sports cars have, in fact, never been far from the Fiat production lines, and the Dino Spyder was an exciting job made from 1967 to 1973. It used a Ferrari-built vee-six engine, at first of 1.9-litres and later of 2.4-litres, the latter poking out a useful 180bhp at 6,600rpm. More than 7,500 of these four-cam road-burners were made.

Fiat variety is legion, from an organisation which remains a family concern, employs more than 10 per cent of Turin's population and engages in everything from cars to typewriters, computers to paint and plastics. The train into the motor city of Turin is a Fiat product, hauled of course by a Fiat locomotive. Back to cars, there is the individual Fiat XI/9 mid-engined sports coupé for the enthusiast, the massively-popular Fiat Uno is everywhere, and soon, if not already, you will see the new Fiat Tipo, with a low-drag body of composite plastics (the Strada's replacement) which Dr Ghidella, who now heads Fiat, intends to make Europe's next best seller.

I wish I had more space in which to discuss the might that is Fiat. For might this Italian giant certainly has, which adds allure to its products, whether you buy a £2,430 Fiat 126, that long-lived modern edition of the 500 Twin (but of 652cc), a £14,665 Turbo Croma or enjoy the 1½-litre XI/9 coupé from £8,394.





DURANGO & SILVERTON

High in the Rockies, the steam locomotives of America's 'Old West' still cling on against all the odds. Words and pictures by Tim Carbury

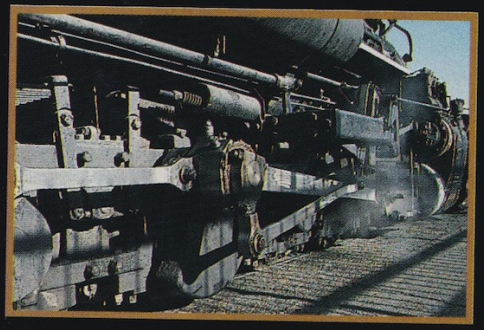
COMING ROUND THE MOUNTAIN . . .

In the far south-west corner of Colorado, high in the Rocky Mountains, it is still possible to ride a narrow-gauge steam train, little changed in more than a century, through some of the most spectacular scenery in the United States. The 45 mile journey takes visitors through the Canyon of the Animas River to the little mining town of Silverton, which looks much as it did in its boom years in the late nineteenth century.

As the pioneers moved west across America, gold and silver were discovered in the Rockies and the prospectors and miners soon moved in. The San Juan Range in Colorado produced evidence of rich deposits, and little towns like Ouray, Silverton, Telluride and Leadville became established in the 1870s as bases for the mining operations in the surrounding mountains. Communication with the outside world was difficult, mules being the usual prime mover, but the railroads quickly responded to the need for efficient transportation. The *Denver and Rio Grande Railway*, chartered in 1870, rapidly built a three foot gauge system out from Denver to Texas. When the line reached Antonito, a branch was constructed towards the west so that the wealth emerging from the San Juans could be

Left: More than 400ft above the river, No 478 eases round the High Line at a crawl. Above: The depot at Silverton is now used by a publishing company and the train runs past it to end its journey in the town. Above right: No 478 stops for water. Right: Departure time. The engineer awaits the conductor's signal to start the return journey.

Above: No 478 rolls past the Strater Hotel. *Below left: Hub Saloon in the* Grand Imperial Hotel. *Below right: Wheels between the frames, counterbalances, rods and valve gear outside. No 478 waits to leave Durango. Middle left: 478 coasts down the gradient. Middle right: No 476 at Durango. Bottom: Class K28 No 476.*

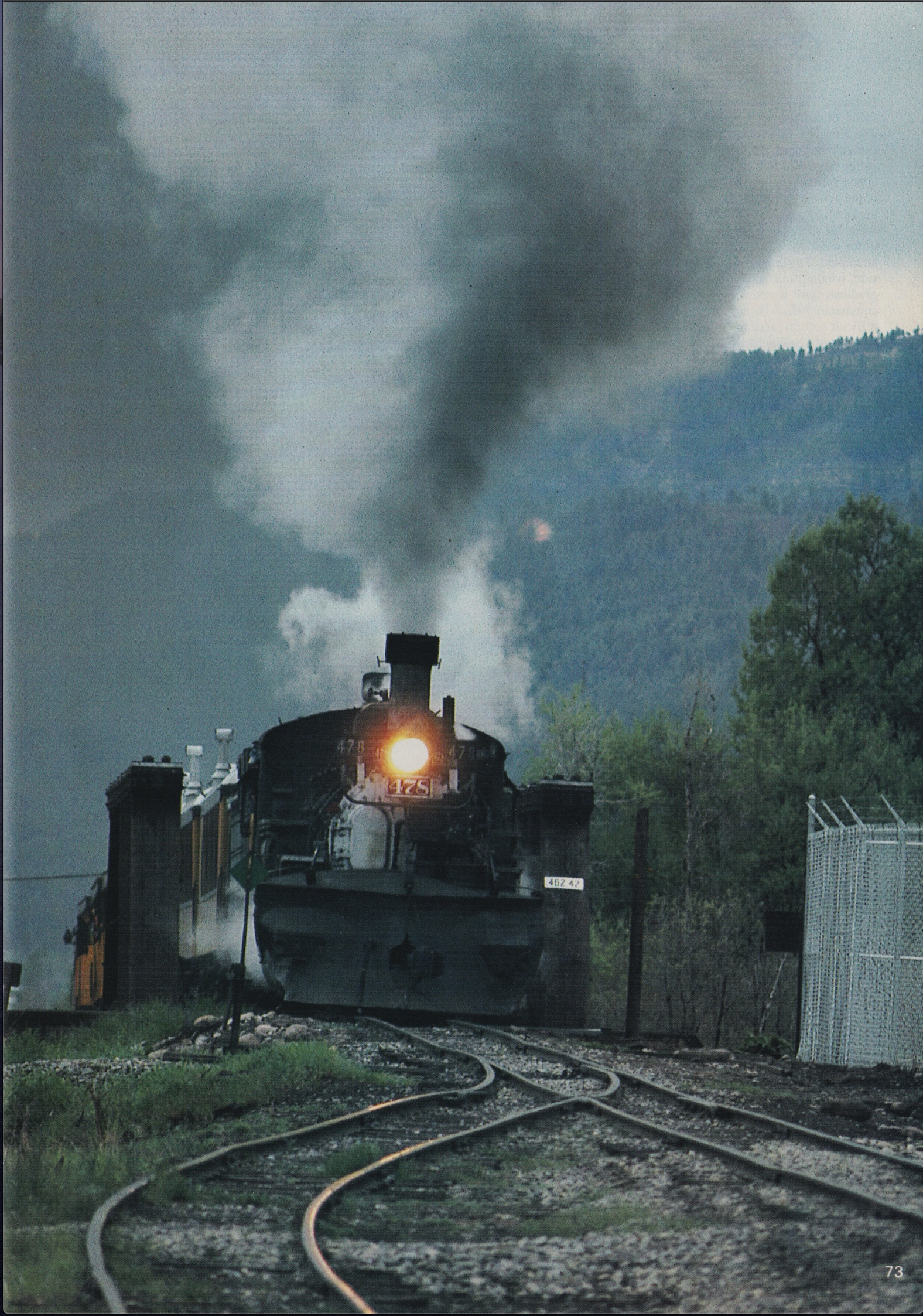


Right: No 478 blasts over Hermosa Creek, north of Durango.

fully exploited. It curved across southern Colorado and northern New Mexico, winding like a snake to avoid the worst gradients, crossing gullies on wooden bridges and climbing to over 10,000 feet at Cumbres Pass, making it one of the highest railroads in America.

The small town of Durango, purpose-built as a railroad centre, was laid out in 1880. By the time the track from Antonito reached it the following year, it was an established community. The first work train arrived on July 27 1881, followed on August 1 by the first passenger train.

Within an incredibly short time, Durango was an established railroad town and the *Denver and Rio Grande* was already building a track to Silverton, 45½ miles to the north and, at 9,300 feet above sea level, nearly three thousand feet higher than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COMING ROUND THE MOUNTAIN

Durango. The only possible route was along the valley of the Animas River.

The first few miles were comparatively easy through the broad, flat valley, but higher up the valley narrowed to a canyon which must have appeared impassable at first sight. The builders of the narrow gauge were not a breed of men to be put off by a little topography, however, and a route was surveyed and planned, involving some of the most difficult railroad engineering ever attempted. The line steadily climbed the valley side, winding and curving to maintain a usable gradient, until it reached Rockwood, a small community, which became the base for the most difficult section of all to construct. Just above Rockwood a cutting had to be blasted from solid granite for about 300 yards using black powder. In places, the drill holes for the shots are still visible. Then came the real challenge.

North of Rockwood, the Animas River flows through a canyon whose near-vertical sides provided no possible location for the track, so one was made, using chisels and hundreds of charges of black power. The result, known as the High Line, remains one of the most spectacular stretches to been seen on any railroad.

Clear of the High Line the railroad gradually resumes its path just above the level of the Animas, the rocky walls being cut away to make room where necessary, with bridges carrying the line across the river if the opposite bank provided an easier path for the track.

The first train rolled into Silverton in July 1882, incredibly only a year after construction of the line began, and a celebration was held.

Silverton at this time was typical of Colorado mining towns and part of the true 'Wild West'. The little town had its share of saloons, gambling dens and bordellos, all designed to tempt the miners when they came down from the hills with money to burn. Business was so good that a brewery was constructed on the edge of town and the *Imperial Hotel* was built and became the habitat of the more august visitors to the area. The less wholesome saloons did a roaring trade, violence was rife and at one time the famous Marshal Bat Masterson was borrowed from Dodge City, Kansas, to help reduce the murder and mayhem to an acceptable level.

The railroad flourished, but had its problems; in winter snowfalls often blocked the line, floods washed out the track in places, trains were derailed by falls of rock and a long trestle bridge above the High Line was destroyed by fire. When disaster occurred teams of men moved in, obstructions were removed, the track relaid and the Silverton Line continued to operate.

The increase in silver mining prompted the building of three short railroads north out of Silverton, which became the terminus for four narrow-gauge lines, unique in the United States. Two of these lines were built by Otto Mears, a Russian-Jewish immigrant, and he eventually bought the third. Mears' initial success had been with toll roads through the mountains but, with the arrival of the iron horses, he quickly adapted and became a railroad tycoon. His three short lines out of Silverton were kept busy bringing ore into town for smelting or transfer to Durango.

As the twentieth century progressed, the silver mines went into decline and the fortunes of the railroads followed. The three short lines closed, and by 1941 only two trains, of mixed freight and passengers, operated from Durango each week. The Durango smelter, closed in 1930, was reopened during the second world war to extract uranium and vanadium from local ore but was eventually pulled down in 1963.

Steam locomotives on the main lines, the nation's principal motive power for well over a century, were giving way to diesels, but for the Silverton line, and the line between Antonito and Chama, a minor miracle occured which was to secure their future.

A nationwide interest in the Old West, coupled with nostalgia for the fast-disappearing steam locomotive, brought crowds of tourists to Durango to ride the Silverton train. The once loss-making owners, the *Denver and Rio Grande Western Railroad*, responded by rebuilding the coaches and restoring a daily service in summer, with packed trainloads of passengers enjoying the superb scenery while train crews regaled them with tales of the region's past.

Durango and Silverton were given a new lease of life — hotels boomed, the *Strater* in Durango and the *Imperial* in Silverton being restored to modern copies of their original glory. The *Imperial* was renamed the *Grand Imperial* and its restaurant and bar took on a new elegance. Former saloons were converted into restaurants to cater for a more conservative brand of client than in the town's mining heyday.

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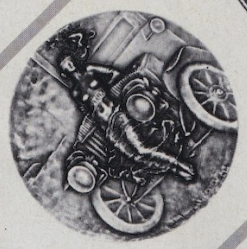
From the rampant satyrs on the *Staters* of ancient Greece to the brothel tokens of modern America, bawdy coins and medals are prized collectors' items. Graham Goddard reveals the brass cheek of history's medallists



Above left: a silver medal depicting the future of motoring. Above right: France as an exploding grenade in a 1689 medal. Right: the theories of a 16th century philosopher are demonstrated by a copulating couple.

LOOSE CHANGE

Some people collect coins for their artistic merit; others wish to own tangible records of ancient history and commerce; others, still, find that the money of olden times is a fast appreciating asset. There are some people, however, who collect coins and medals simply for the pleasure derived from the rude images that are depicted upon them. From the coinage of Ancient Greece to the present day there are plenty of pieces from which to choose.

In this country, the most expensive numismatic erection to come under the hammer (and this treatment is not to be recommenced for any other erections) was at the Spink Coin Auction on December 6, 1984, when a silver *Tetradrachm* from the Sicilian town of Naxos was knocked down for £31,000 (plus a buyer's premium of ten per cent). The Greek occupation of Sicily produced some of the most spectacular coins ever struck — and this one is no exception. On the obverse is the stern head of Dionysus facing to the right, bearded and crowned with a wreath of vine leaves — well chosen for the God of wine. But it is the reverse that concerns us more, for here is the seated, and almost human figure of Silenus, naked to the world. He has the pointed ears of a horse and a horse's tail protrudes from behind his back. Naxos is where the Greeks grew vines for wine, on the lower slopes of Mount Etna, and the wine cup that Silenus holds aloft must be filled with more than just promise, for his erection, which made its first stand around the year 460 BC, is as firm today as ever it was. Quite an achievement — quite an erection!

Some 40 years earlier, around 500 BC, back on mainland Greece, the silver *Staters* of Thasos in Thrace were struck showing a Satyr kneeling with a nymph in his arms, and are said to represent 'the worship of the rude forces of nature symbolized in the orgiastic rites of the Thracian Bacchus and his following'. The oracle of Bacchus was nearby on top of Mt Pangaeum, and the traveller would need only a quick glance at the local coinage to be reminded of the sort of question he should be addressing to the noble God. The Satyr of the coin is poised fully erect and ready for action, and the nymph is not resisting. The detail is in high relief and it often required more than one hefty hammer blow to strike the coin. One example of the coin that was recently offered for sale, had been struck from a die that had started to crack from the repeated hammer blows. With a rare example of humour (as coin catalogues are not noted for their laughs), this coin was described as 'A fine example with a die-flaw appearing to give the satyr double strength'. Numismatics is not entirely academic!

It was the Romans who gave the world the first Brothel Tokens. Probably because they gave the

Far left: two sides of a Roman brothel token or Spintriae. Near left and right: an Argentinian medal satirising Mrs Thatcher during the Falklands War.

Far and middle left: a 16th century medal lampoons a bishop. Near left: Karl Goetz's 'The Black Shame.' Far right: a lewd medal by Manolo Prieto.

Far left: a graphic Japanese medal. Near left and right: a 19th century German medal. Middle right: the badge of an 18th century Scots club. Far right: a Greek Stater c 500 BC.

Left: hand relief in this Roman Spintriae. Near right: a Greek silver Tetradrachm shows the satyr Silenus and, far right, Dionysus.

world so much else, these pieces have been rather overlooked. It would seem that the *Spintriae*, for thus they are named, were struck c 37-22 BC which is just the time that the Emperor Tiberius withdrew from Rome to the imperial palaces on the island of Capri. But reports of what the ageing Emperor was able to get up to on Capri are certainly exaggerated, and there is no evidence, alas, that can link these tokens directly to him. The observers of these tokens show a well executed scene; in all, thirteen different ones are known where couples copulate on comfy beds, displaying a knowledge of most of the best positions, and proving that nothing is new! The reverse side of most *Spintriae* are numbered from 1 to 19 (I - XIX), but so far nobody has been able to determine whether these figures relate to the establishment, one's place in the queue, or the service one got. In the commercial market they are all scarce, and when trying to track some down to photograph, I learned that the Americans buy up all that are offered to them — perhaps to see if they are still legal tender at Caeser's Palace or Plato's Place! With the surge of all art forms, and especially a love of the antique, Renaissance Italy produced some splendidly rude and vulgar medals. Bacchus the God of Wine, was replaced as the coinage of Europe was no longer the place to display suggestive scenarios. The medal was a coin-like talisman on which anyone might display his portrait or, given half a chance, some rude happening, steeped in pseudo-antique motifs to make it acceptable. The Satyr was reborn to copulate once again. Give a man horns and hooved legs, and he can get away with all the things that most of us mere mortal men can only dream about. Even threesomes are respectable if the second lady is adorned with hooves, and handicapping though such a feature may be if, say, running for a bus, it seems not to affect any other performance.

Medals are often issued as personal tributes but the medal attributed to Pietro Aretino (1492 — 1557), with a portrait of his friend Paolo Giovio (1483 — 1532), the historian, author, and sometime Bishop of Nocera, was issued as a joke. To us, 450 years later, the joke seems to be in bad taste, for the Bishop is shown peering out from a remarkable head-dress of sorts, with no fewer than nine rampant penises pointing in every direction, and the one that nestles beneath his chin is actually ejaculating. We do not know what the poor man did to deserve such a joke — perhaps he was more than a Bishop — maybe a Bishopric!

Marcantonio Passeri was a philosopher from Padua who died in 1565, and whose lifetime's work is depicted on the reverse of a portrait medal by Giovanni Cavino. It seems that he had great theories about the 'cycle of life'. A curious couple demonstrate this by copulating balanced on one set of feet and one set of hands — actually whose probably does not matter too much for they share a 'Janus' head, half his, half hers. The muddle is that they know not where they are going — or when they are coming!

The satirical medal developed in Europe, where the complex politics of so many countries made for many easy subjects. Oliver Cromwell was ridiculed, his head in Britannia's lap, bottom bared, whilst the Ambassadors of France and Spain stand by, waiting to give him a good kick. Louis XIV suffered too, in 1689, when peace was declared between France and Algiers and Avignon was restored to France. The medallist, a Dutchman named Jan Smeltzing, saw France as an exploding grenade, a theme continued on the reverse where it is the King who is made to 'explode', for there is the Pope, pot in hand, having given him, judging by the size of the equipment, a right Royal enema. At the same time, the Dey of Algiers stands over him forcing him to vomit into a large chamber pot.

In more recent times, the German women of the Rhineland feared that the black French Colonial troops that occupied the country after the First World War would rape each and every one of them. 'The Black Shame' was the political catch-phrase, but the medal by Karl Goetz brought the

message home in a harsh and forceful way, by tying the Rhine maiden to a huge rampant penis, topped by a soldier's tin hat.

Neither has Mrs Thatcher escaped, for the wrath of feeling against her, after the Belgrano was sunk in the Falklands conflict, was strong in Argentina. The image of her as a pirate, patch on one eye is bad enough, but to turn it (or her) over, and find her bare-arsed the other side, leaves one in no doubt as to where the sympathies of the medallist lay. An example of this medal has found its way into the trays of the Department of Coins and Medals at the British Museum, though I am led to understand that it was a gift, and not purchased for the nation with Government funds!

As medallic art flourished, there was less and less opportunity for coinage to be rude. When a new copper coinage was proposed in 1790, it took a Frenchman J P Droz, to undress Britannia. The 'Naked Britannia' is a lady of no great beauty, thick waisted and sitting on solid assets. The Government of the day did not adopt the design! The idea of stripping Britannia was not new, but previously it had always been done in an amateur way. Sailors on long journeys would scratch away at the old Halfpennies, and soon Britannia would be perched atop of a fine large penis, without a stich of clothing to her name. Coins of other countries would be altered too, the flying eagle on the American Cent becoming (in a flash?), a well-hung, flying penis. Another bright spark in America changed the value of a similar coin — a definite case of up-grading — for the 'Cent' became a 'Cunt'. Should Scarlet O'Hara have ever asked Brett a penny for his thoughts, neither of *these* two coins would have left her in any doubt!

There are other varieties of coin that have funny names, to our English ears. From Africa to India, the *Falus* has circulated for centuries, whilst the Portuguese had their *Peca*. 'Ah! Pombal', the King would ask his Minister, 'Is the *Peca* up!'. One bronze plaque, which is probably English, shows a Dandy with his trousers down, just about to enter his good lady from behind, whilst she kneels on a chair, but it is *coitus interruptus*, for the maid is arriving with his meal. The plaque is no great work of art, but the artist obviously had a sense of humour, for hanging on the wall is a picture of two horses, and they're on the job as well!

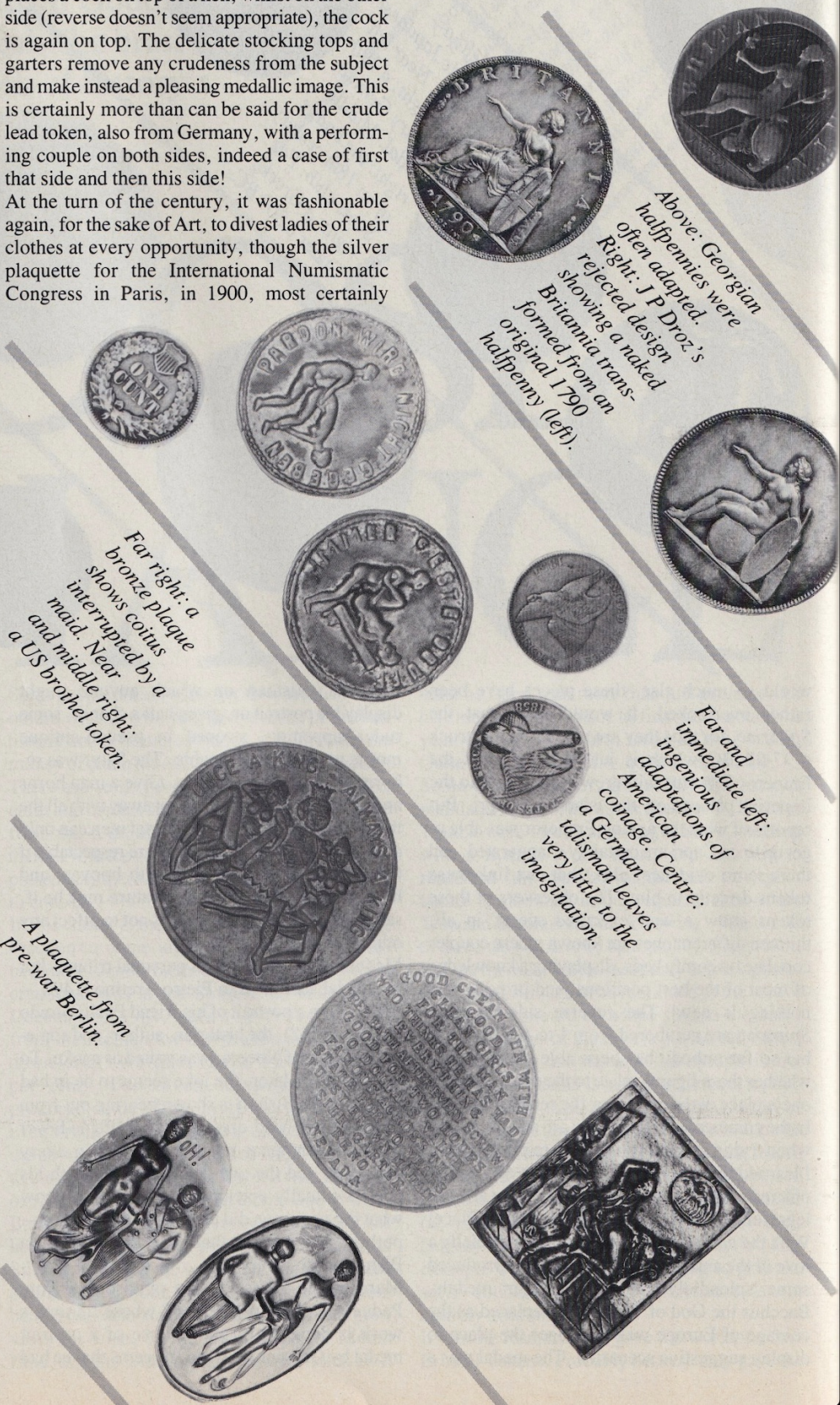
In Scotland, the gentlemen of Anstruther formed a drinking and dining club — 'For collecting "good" songs, stories, jokes, and *facetiae* of all kinds, but in reality to serve as an outlet for the most exuberant and outrageous fun and jocularity of the roughest description'. It sounds the sort of club that the writer of this piece would have liked to have joined! Many eminent people did join, including nobility and even, we are told, royalty. The club was given the name 'The Beggars' Benison Club', and members were issued with badges that showed Adam and Eve on one side, and Venus and Adonis on the other. The legends read, 'Be Fruitful And Multiply' and 'Lose No Opportunity', and the members took this to task, lost no opportunity, and recorded the details in the club's ledger book. In 1877 the book and the club's papers came into the possession of a Glasgow Reverend — needless to say they are no longer with us! But for some members the badge was too unrelated to the name of the club, for the blessing, or benison, of the beggar is 'May your prick and your purse never never fail you' — so other medals were made. There is an anchor as a symbol against failure, and the purse is there too, suspended on tip of the prick. And what a prick — the ultimate member — the ultimate member's badge.

Around the world, sexual numismatics stretches further away than Anstruther. The Chinese made 'good luck' tokens in imitation of the ancient, bronze, cash coins with a central square hole. The Japanese leave no detail to imagination, but on one medal it is a nice touch to have a testicle sticking out over the rim of the medal, rather like a polyp. The Americans still have their brothel tokens; 'Once A King — Always A King' and 'Good Clean Fun With Good Clean Girls For The Man Who Thinks He Has Had Everything Free Bath After Every Screw Good For Two Hours 10 Dollars Value Famous Across The State For 20 Years Pussy Brown Madam Silk Garter Reno Nevada.'

From Saxony in Germany, a 19th century medal places a cock on top of a hen, whilst on the other side (reverse doesn't seem appropriate), the cock is again on top. The delicate stocking tops and garters remove any crudeness from the subject and make instead a pleasing medallic image. This is certainly more than can be said for the crude lead token, also from Germany, with a performing couple on both sides, indeed a case of first that side and then this side!

At the turn of the century, it was fashionable again, for the sake of Art, to divest ladies of their clothes at every opportunity, though the silver plaquette for the International Numismatic Congress in Paris, in 1900, most certainly exaggerates both the beauty and studying habits of numismatists. Verité, the figure of Truth, has nothing hidden, whilst the future of motoring is seen as a diaphanous lady tied to the *front* of a car, when the back seat might have been a better prediction.

The art lives on, and the humour too: the 'Oh! Ah!' plaque from Germany captures the 'Cabaret' climate, whilst from Spain a delightful medal by Manolo Prieto demonstrates that lewdness can please, and has nothing to do with rudeness or crudeness. The spirit of the act is revealed with more feeling than any camera could capture. It gives the essence of the pleasure that collecting 'loose change' is all about — but before we envy the man depicted on the medal, or his position, it should be pointed out that he is 'The Unfaithful Husband'.



Above: Georgian halfpennies were often adapted. Right: J P Droz's rejected design showing a naked Britannia transformed from an original 1790 halfpenny (left).

Far right: a bronze plaque shows coitus interrupted by a maid. Near and middle right: a US brothel token.

Far and immediate left: ingenious adaptations of American coinage. Centre: a German talisman leaves very little to the imagination.

A plaquette from pre-war Berlin.

BYRON: LORD OF THE LIBIDO

continued from page 46

Pilgrimage, that would later bring him fame.

Then on to Greece — to fateful Missolonghi, to Delphi, where he carved his name on a fallen column (Europe was soon littered with his graffiti), and to Athens, where he belittled the Parthenon as 'very like the Mansion House', and berated the Greeks for their servility towards their Turkish overlords. At the house where he stayed there were three beautiful girls, all under 15, for the youngest of whom he wrote his lyric 'Maid of Athens, ere we part, Give, oh give me back my heart!' In fact, before leaving Athens, he had already taken up with a 15-year-old French boy, Nicolo Giraud.

From Athens to Smyrna, where he completed the second canto of his poem. Then on to Constantinople where, imitating Leander, he swam the Hellespont, that dangerous channel separating Europe from Asia, in an hour and a half. It was one of his proudest feats — 'I plume myself over this achievement more than I could possibly do on any kind of glory, political, poetical, or rhetorical'. He was accompanied by a lieutenant of marines called Elkenhead, who beat his Lordship from Sestos to Abydos by five minutes.

When Hobhouse returned to England in July 1810, he took with him Byron's last inhibitions. Back in Athens, he moved into a monastery at the foot of the Acropolis, where Nicolo Giraud was one of six boy pupils, and later commented that Hobhouse 'don't know what I was about the year after he left the Levant; nor does anyone'. In October, however, he informed Hobhouse that he had already had over 200 sexual experiences in Greece. (It is worth recalling that sodomy — in which he apparently indulged — was still a capital offence in England.) He also swam the Piraeus, nearly died from fever, and saved a Turkish girl, caught in an illicit love affair, from being thrown over a cliff in a sack — an incident he used in his poem *The Giaour*.

Byron arrived back in England in July 1811, a fortnight before his mother's death. Edleston, the Cambridge choirboy, had died during his absence; two college friends died soon afterwards. Having restocked Newstead with serving girls, he passed the winter in melancholy retreat, polishing up his poems. In London next spring he began to mix among the literati — including the poets Thomas Moore and Samuel Rogers — delivered his maiden speech in the Lords, and gained his entrée to fashionable Holland House. Then, early in March 1812, *Childe Harold* was published and, at the age of 24, 'I awoke one morning and found myself famous'.

It was the turning point in his life. The poem sold 4,500 copies in six months — a bestseller in those less populous and literate days — and was to be seen on every table, to be heard about on all lips. There was a traffic jam of carriages outside his door, he was deluged with invitations from the famous and rich, women swooned as he entered a room. Byron's racy style of writing, his notorious lineage, his Gothic residence, his dashing looks, his eastern travels, his mysterious limp — all seized the popular imagination.

Lady Caroline Lamb, 27, vivacious, volatile, married to a son of Lord Melbourne, wrote anonymously to express her adulation. She begged Samuel Rogers to introduce her. Then, at Lady Westmoreland's, she saw Byron coming towards her, heard his voice, saw the women pressing about him — and spun on her heel, snubbing him. It was a sure way to attract his interest. That night she recorded in her diary that he was 'mad, bad, and dangerous to know'. Soon Byron was a guest at her house and within a month they were lovers. She found him irresistible: 'When first you told me in the carriage to kiss your mouth and I durst not, you drew me to you like a magnet and I could not, indeed I could not, have kept away.'

Their affair was the scandal of all London. She wrote to him ten times a day, she came to see him at his bachelor lodgings disguised as a page, she stood in the rain hoping to glimpse him leaving a ball. 'We went about everywhere together,' she wrote, and were at last invited always as if we had been married'. And then he threw her over.

It was she who then proved mad and dangerous to know, turning up in disguise and threatening to transfix herself with a sword, making a pyre of his letters and portrait, dressing her servants with buttons engraved with 'Ne Crede Byron' (a refutation of his family motto, *Crede Byron*, 'Trust Byron'). Byron, now in love with Lady Oxford, tried to placate 'Caro' by seeing her occasionally and even sent her a clipping of his pubic hair (she begged him to be careful with the scissors), but her behaviour only grew worse. She tried to run away to sea (Byron had to fetch her back); she tried to stab herself when they encountered at a ball, she got into his rooms and scrawled 'Remember me!' on the flyleaf of a book (he immediately wrote a sarcastic poem underneath). Finally she published a three-volume novel about the affair, took to drink and turned violent, before lapsing into insanity.

Meanwhile Byron, having disengaged himself from Lady Oxford's autumnal charms, had turned his attentions elsewhere. In July 1813 he appeared with a new companion — his own half-sister Augusta, whom he had previously met only infrequently, but long corresponded with. They went the social round together, then disappeared to her house at Six Mile Bottom near Newmarket (she was married to a race-going profligate, Colonel Leigh). By August he was confessing that he was 'in a far more serious, and entirely new, scrape than any of the past twelve months — and that is saying a good deal'.

It seems certain he had now combined adultery with incest — significantly, the poem he was currently writing, *The Bride of Abydos*, concerned the love between a brother and sister. (It sold 6,000 copies in the first month; hard on its heels came *The Corsair*, written in ten days, which sold 10,000 on the day of publication and 15,000 more within a month — quite unprecedented sales.)

In January 1814 Byron and Augusta were at Newstead, and in April she gave birth to a daughter, Medora, generally believed to be the fruit of their illicit union.

Perhaps sensing it was time to draw a veil of responsibility over his activities, Byron began to cast about for a wife. Precisely what he saw in Annabella Milbanke is not clear — she was in many ways the antithesis of all he liked in a woman, being prim, prudish, sanctimonious, rather plain, intellectual, and a cousin-in-law of wretched Caro; moreover, she nursed an ambition to reform him. She had already turned him down once, but now he wrote her a second proposal, vaguely couched, probably expecting she would refuse him again. To his dismay, she accepted. In November they were engaged and on January 2, 1815, at her parents' house in

turn to page 116

Top left: Lady Caroline Lamb whose affair with Byron created a scandal. Top right: Countess Teresa Guiccioli. Right: Byron in Albanian costume.

BYRON: LORD OF THE LIBIDO

continued from page 114

Durham, they were married. The marriage, which lasted a year, was a disaster.

Already, as they rode away in the carriage for their 'treacle moon', the atmosphere was grim. Byron, to cover his feelings, sang wildly, then taunted her with recriminations. When they arrived at their destination, Halnaby Hall in Yorkshire, he *'had* Lady Byron on the sofa before dinner' — a consummation that perhaps relieved some of his tension. For three weeks he vacillated between tender solicitation for her and sudden violent rages. Subconsciously, he was probably tormented by guilt at his incestuous love for Augusta and by self-disgust at this smokescreen of wedlock. Racked by nightmares, he kept loaded pistols by his bed (which he refused to share with her), and had to bind up his jaws to stop himself gnashing his teeth in his sleep. 'I am a villain,' he informed her. 'I could convince you of it in three words.' When she accidentally referred to an incestuous relationship he was seized with terrible panic. She began to guess the truth.

After returning to her parents', they set off south. Byron wanted to visit Augusta alone, but Annabella insisted on accompanying him. After another ferocious carriage ride, they arrived at Six Mile Bottom, where a hideous ménage-à-trois ensued. At nine each evening Byron sent his wife to bed, telling her that he and Augusta knew how to entertain themselves — 'now I have *her*, you'll find I can do without *you* — in all ways'. It was quite clear to her that he and Augusta were lovers, and that Medora was their child. He and Augusta even wore gold brooches inscribed with their initials and containing entwined locks of their hair.

'She had the perfect qualifications — no "A" Levels and no knickers!'

Later, Augusta came to stay with them at Piccadilly Terrace. Here Annabella, pregnant and fearing a miscarriage, kept to her room, where Byron rarely visited her, and then apparently only to express his hatred of her. Apart from Augusta, he was also having an affair with a Drury Lane actress. Despite his literary success (he had for long, with lordly vanity, refused payment for his poems), his debts were mounting up and soon the house was besieged by bailiffs. His health degenerated, and he had recourse to laudanum and drink. Annabella, upstairs, hearing the explosions as he broke the tops off soda bottles in his impatience, imagined he was throwing the bottles at the ceiling.

Annabella's child, a daughter named Augusta Ada, was born in December. Since it had become imperative to sell up the London household, her parents invited them to stay in the country. Byron turned down the offer, but in January 1816 Annabella and the baby left — ostensibly for a few months, in fact for ever. It was the end of the marriage. When her parents learnt the details of his depravity they insisted on a separation. Fickle Augusta, who had brought all the trouble had benefited from Byron's generosity to the tune of thousands of pounds, later betrayed him by going over to the Milbankes' side.

Rumours of the scandal raged through society. The press teemed with lampoons and slander against him. He was insulted in the streets, ostracised in the Lords. At Lady Jersey's ball, to which he and Augusta were invited, no one would speak to him, or shake his hand. From the pinnacle of success he had crashed to the depths of opprobrium.

He ordered a magnificent travelling carriage, modelled on that of Napoleon (it cost £500 — a bill he never settled). Loading it with trunks, he bade Augusta farewell, took on board his faithful servants and a doctor with literary pretensions, John Polidori, and rolled down to Dover, leaving the bailiffs to move in behind like vultures. Hobhouse and a few loyal friends saw him sail on April 25, 1816. As Byron waved his cap from the deck and Hobhouse waved from the end of the jetty, the ship butted out into a high sea, taking Byron into exile. He never saw England again. Released from England and all it stood for, Byron stepped ashore in Ostend and 'as soon as he reached his room, fell like a thunderbolt upon the chambermaid'. Then on to Brussels and the field of Waterloo and in more leisurely fashion into Switzerland. In Geneva he found Claire Clairmont waiting, a tiresome teenager who had been his last mistress in England, together with her step-sister Mary Godwin and Mary's lover, the poet Percy Bysshe Shelley.

Claire was pregnant by Byron and, though he did not care for her, 'I could not exactly play the Stoic with a woman who had scrambled eight hundred miles to unphilosophize me.' Shelley, on the other hand, he admired greatly. They took lakeside villas and went rowing in the evenings, and there were endless discussions about poetry and philosophy and the supernatural (it was here that Mary conceived the idea of her novel *Frankenstein*). Then, in the autumn when Shelley and the women returned to England, Byron, dismissing Polidori, crossed the Alps into Itlay. In October he was in Milan, in November at Venice.

He took an apartment above a draper's shop near St Mark's Square and took the draper's wife, Marianna Segati, for his mistress. She was 21, 'with great black eastern eyes and a variety of subsidiary charms, and I verily believe we are one of the happiest unlawful couples this side of the Alps'. He loved Venice with its marble palaces, dreamy canals, and the 'gloomy gaiety' of its gondolas. Each day he galloped by the Lido and during the carnival, when all Venice went mad with uninhibited revelry, he roamed delightedly among the masked and costumed figures.

'The women *kiss* better than those of any other nation,' he commented, 'which is notorious, and is attributed to the worship of images and the early habit of osculation induced thereby.' At night he wrote his poems — *Manfred*, the last cantos of *Childe Harold* — and in the spring he visited Rome before moving into a villa outside Venice.

Riding through the countryside in July, he was struck by the beauty of a girl he passed and proposed a rendezvous. Margarita Cogni was 22, illiterate, a baker's wife, and he was entranced by her fierce nature. 'I am sure if I put a poniard in the hand of this one, she would plunge it where I told her — and into *me*, if I offended her. I like this kind of animal.' When Marianna objected to her arrival, Margarita retorted: '*You* are not his wife; *I* am not his wife. *You* are his *donna* and *I* am his *donna*; *your* husband is a cuckold and so is *mine*. If he prefers what is mine to what is yours, is that my fault?' Byron, faithful to neither of them, plunged in Venice into his period of most extreme debauchery. In September 1818 he noted that 'in two years I have spent about £5,000, and I need not have spent a third of this, had it not been that I have a passion for women — which is expensive in its variety everywhere, but less so in Venice than in other cities. More than half was laid out on the sex. To be sure I have had plenty for the money, that's certain — I think at least two hundred of one sort or another — perhaps more, for I have not lately kept the recount.' Newstead having been sold and his scruples about receiving payments for his poems having evaporated, he was able to move into the Palazzo Mocenigo, a large mansion near the Rialto Bridge, along with his 14 servants, his gondolier, and his menagerie of dogs, monkeys, foxes and birds. He had his illegitimate daughter by Claire, Allegra, sent out from England. Here he began to write *Don Juan*, his great satirical epic, featuring a handsome but unprincipled hero and spiced with outrageous digressions on every subject.

'It may be bawdy,' he protested when some English readers found it a little *too* spicy, 'but is it not good English? It may be profligate, but is it not *life*, is it not *the thing?* Could any men have written it who has not lived in the world — and *tooled* in a post-chaise, in a hackney coach, in a gondola, against a wall, in a court carriage, in a vis-à-vis, on a table, and under it?'

It was in April 1819 that he met the last great love of his life, Countess Teresa Guiccioli. She was small and voluptuous, just 19, and married to an elderly count from Ravenna. They became lovers within days, and when she and her husband returned to Ravenna he followed them there, becoming her *cavalier servente* or acknowledged lover, though always half in fear of assassination — 'if I come away with a stiletto in my gizzard some fine afternoon, I shall not be astonished'. It was not a situation he relished, to be the 'fan carrier of a woman', but he was

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BYRON: LORD OF THE LIBIDO

continued from page 116

sincerely in love and it was to prove the more lasting, if also the most humdrum, of his relationships.

After a number of episodes in Bologna and Venice, he settled in the Count's *palazzo* in Ravenna (renting the floor above the Count), until his cuckolded rival could endure the situation no longer and gained separation.

By November 1821 Byron and Teresa, Shelley and Mary, were all established at Pisa, where Byron took a palace, the Casa Lanfranchi, beside the Arno. Here, with several other English expatriates around him, all was at first once again intellectual talk and gaiety. Then the shadows began to gather. An unfortunate incident, when a dragoon was stabbed in a fracas while Byron and Shelley were out riding, brought the enmity of the authorities. Then little Allegra, deposited in a convent, died of a fever. The English writer Leigh Hunt, invited out by Shelley, arrived with his ailing wife and six cockney brats and shattered the peace in the Casa. Then Shelley, sailing to Lerici in a storm, disappeared.

A dreadful week ensued, during which they scoured the coastline, before an otherwise unrecognisable body was washed ashore with Byron's copy of Keats' poems in its pocket. Shelley was cremated in a pagan ceremony on the beach on August 19, 1822 and Byron, unable to endure the sight of the flames consuming 'the *best* and least selfish man I ever knew', turned away and plunged into the sea to swim out to his boat.

The following June, after nine months in Genoa, Byron at last tore himself from Teresa and sailed for Greece, there to participate in the insurrection against the Turks. After hesitating for months among the Greek islands, uncertain which faction to support, he threw in his lot with Alexander Mavrocordato and on January 5, 1824 stepped ashore on the Greek mainland at Missolonghi — the malarial little town he had last seen in 1810. The Greeks accorded him an enthusiastic welcome, the town now being packed with thousands of troops eager to advance on the Turkish strongholds of Lepanto and Patras.

Byron undertook to finance a regiment of some 500 Suliotes — Albanian mercenaries — and soon 'his house was filled with soldiers; his receiving room resembled an arsenal of war; and attacks, surprises, charges, ambuscades, battles, sieges, were almost the only topics of his conversation with the different *capitani'*.

In many ways it was the moment he had dreamt about since boyhood — to have his own army, to be fighting for freedom, to be playing a heroic role in the destiny of a nation, to be a man of action at last. Yet the Suliotes proved less soldierly than he — he tried vainly each day to drill them — the rain was torrential and unremitting, the plans chaotic, the freedom-fighters more eager for his gold than for freedom. Even Lukas, the Greek boy he attached to himself as the last love of his life, proved unyielding and ungrateful.

The strain, the climate, and his own exhausted condition began to tell. In February he collapsed and had to be bled. In early April he rashly went riding in the rain and returned feverish. The doctors again bled him remorselessly, draining his last reserves of strength. On April 19, 1824, after days of delirium and decline, he died.

When the news of Byron's death reached England, Jane Welsh Carlyle felt that 'if they had said the sun or the moon was gone out of the heavens, it could not have struck me with the idea of a more awful and dreary blank in the creation.' The novelist Edward Bulwer-Lytton recalled that 'so much of us died with him, that the notion of his death had something of the unnatural, of the impossible'. In the Lincolnshire wolds a then obscure youth of 14, Alfred Tennyson, carved 'Byron is dead' on a rock, on 'a day when the whole world seemed to be darkened for me'.

They brought Byron's embalmed remains back to England, but Westminster Abbey refused what the Greeks had been willing to bury in the Parthenon, and in the end he was interred in the comparative obscurity of his Nottinghamshire parish church, Hucknall Torkard.

There, over a century after his death, on June 15 1938, his vault was opened up and a party of antiquarians and clerics crowded down into his musty last resting place to unscrew his coffin and inspect what lay inside.

'Lord Byron's body was in an excellent state of preservation,' one of them recorded. 'No decomposition had taken place and the head, torso and limbs were quite solid. The hair on his head, body and limbs was intact, though grey. His sexual organ showed quite abnormal development.'

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QUEST

For most of us there is one side to our sexuality — usually only revealed to a close partner — which arouses us more deeply than any other. For a man it might be a secret passion for PVC, for a woman it might be a desire to make risque videos filmed by her husband. This month Quest talks to four people who reveal the hidden quirks of their sexual lives

PERSONAL FILE
Name.... Withheld
Sex....Female
Age....24 years
Town of Origin.... Bristol
Other details....This interviewee works as a cashier in a building society. She shares a flat with her fiance.

Quest: Would you say you have a secret aspect to your sex life?

Cashier: I think everyone has a secret kink about something. I've got a married friend who always puts on red silk knickers and suspender belt when she wants to give her husband a treat. She says she's never once had to take them off herself! I suppose the kink Brian and I have is PVC.

Quest: In what way?

Cashier: I don't think we would have got off with each other it I hadn't worn it. It sounds wildly kinky, but it was really just chance, something I happened to wear for a party, which struck a chord with Brian.

Quest: Tell me about him.

Cashier: Brian was actually my boss for about three months, and when I first met him he was married. I liked him, though, and we got on really well. Then I left, without really expecting to see him again, and we ran into each other one lunch time. We had a drink and he told me he and his wife had separated. I knew they'd always had problems. A week later he rang me at work and asked me out to dinner.

Quest: Did he make a pass?

Cashier: Only jokingly. I made it clear I didn't go to bed with anyone unless it was special. I think he was almost relieved. He was obviously still struck on his wife. That got to be a real problem.

Quest: Why?

Cashier: We began seeing quite a bit of each other, fairly platonically — no more than a goodnight kiss, and I got to the point when I'd

quite liked to have taken things a bit further.

Quest: And Brian wasn't interested?

Cashier: I wasn't sure. I thought it might have been a purely physical thing. I'd met his wife and she'd been small and dark, really petite, and I'm the opposite — blonde and full-figured, as you can see! Anyway, I'd got to the point when I was thinking I should see other people.

Quest: So what happened?

Cashier: We started going to parties — mainly so I could get back in the swing of things. Most of the people were my age, or younger. I think Brian felt a bit out of it. Then I got invited to a tarts and vicars party. Brian hates any kind of dressing up or showing off. I quite enjoy it, and the party became a kind of crunch point for us. I thought Brian would refuse to come. In fact I ended up going on my own, agreeing to meet him there later. The only problem was there'd been so many arguments and phone calls about going I hadn't had time to put an outfit together. So at the last minute I had to crib something off my flatmates. One called Judy found this outfit her boyfriend had bought her, which she'd refused to wear.

Quest: What was it?

Cashier: Basically it was a PVC basque. A kind of shiny black corset with a halter neck, a half-cup bra, a lace-up front which went all the way down to the crotch, cut in really deep over the thighs, so you couldn't wear knickers without looking ridiculous. But the worst part of it was the back, which was lace-up too, right up to the zip. So, if you wore it properly you'd have your boobs hanging out the top, your pubes peeping out through the lace at the bottom, and the whole of the crack of your bottom visible at the back! Judy is a good size 14 and she'd have shown all of that in it. Luckily I'm at least one size smaller, but I was really in two minds about wearing it, especially arriving on my own. It was only because I'd made such a thing about the party with Brian that I felt I couldn't back out.

Quest: So — you wore the outfit?

Cashier: It actually wasn't a bad fit. I could lace it up tight enough, both sides, not to show anything, and my boobs were just covered — one sneeze, or bending over too low, and my nipples would have popped out. But I tucked a black lace scarf into the top, which made it reasonably safe. There were boots to go with it, too, almost up to the tops of my thighs, because I'm not tall. They pinched a bit, but they would have been like wellies if they'd been too small. So I slipped a raincoat over it all and went by taxi.

Quest: With what effect?

Cashier: I had a *lot* of attention! A bit too much, to be honest. For a start I was wearing less than anybody else there. Lots of girls in split skirts and plunging necklines, but no one was showing quite as much thigh. A couple of times men were trying to rearrange my scarf, which kept coming loose, or offering to loosen my laces. It was all in good fun — mostly — but I had the distinct impression I'd overdone it. Brian was so late I'd begun to think he wouldn't show at all. When he did finally appear I was too relieved to be annoyed. It was so crowded and loud we couldn't talk, so I asked him to fetch my coat and take me home.

Quest: Go on.

Cashier: It was getting on for eleven when we got back. Brian was obviously quite tired. But I asked him in for a coffee because we'd hardly seen each other. My two flatmates were either out, or staying away. I got Brian to put on a record, while I just threw off my raincoat and went into the kitchen to make the coffee. A few minutes later it was starting to perk. I suddenly looked round and Brian was standing in the doorway, looking at me really oddly. Then I realised he must be looking at the outfit. He'd hardly had a chance to see it at the party. So I laughed and told him about the trouble I'd had with it, getting my boobs covered and the laces done up tight enough. Then, all of a sudden, he went red and disappeared back into the living room. I thought I'd embarrassed him. So I went to apologise. He was standing in front of the fireplace with his back turned. I don't think he realised I was there until I caught his arm and pulled him round. And then it was very obvious why he'd walked out.

He was bending me over the back of the sofa, pulling open the two halves of my basque

Quest: Why?

Cashier: The front of his trousers was out like a tent. It really was obvious — especially in a man dressed like a vicar!

Quest: How did you react?

Cashier: I was surprised more than anything else. I think I said, 'Oh dear, I hope I didn't do that.' Brian went even redder and apologised. I said, 'Don't be silly. It's my fault. It's this daft outfit. I ought to take if off.' Which didn't help! Then I felt stupid and went back into the kitchen and fetched the coffee. When I got back Brian was on the sofa, with his knees crossed, so I sat next to him. It was a bizarre situation. I felt I'd trapped him into feelings he didn't have. I couldn't think of anything to say, so I told him I'd get changed and started to get up. He said, 'No, you don't have to, I think it makes you look great.' 'Oh,' I said, and laughed, 'does that mean you fancy me, then?' And — finally! — he reached across and kissed me.

Quest: Did he stop at that?

Cashier: It was quite a deep kiss! But then his hand came up onto my breast and cupped it. I'd actually popped out my top by this time, but my scarf kept my bare boob hidden, which Brian soon found out. So he pulled it away, and as we kissed again he stroked my breasts and rubbed his thumbs over my nipples. That was heavenly!

Quest: Were you prepared to have intercourse?

Cashier: I'd had a coil for six months. I was prepared to go as far as he wanted. When we started lying down on the sofa and I knew it was going to be a fairly serious petting session, at least, I got up and put the lights out — we still had some light showing from the kitchen. But when I moved back to the sofa, Brian stood up and we kissed again and he started undoing my laces.

Quest: Successfully?

Cashier: No! It was very dim and they were fiddly enough in bright light. We began giggling. Brian was making jokes about disguised chastity belts. In the end he turned me round and got me to bend over the sofa arm while he tried the zip at the back. That was a bit more successful. The laces at the back started to come loose.

Quest: How aroused were you both?

Cashier: Very, I'd say. The frustration of this stupid outfit helped, and I love being undressed by a man, especially when he gets down to my undies — I wasn't wearing anything under the outfit. I could feel how stiff Brian was as he moved against me. Then, at last, the gap at the back began to open, and the front slipped further off my boobs. I thought Brian would go on from there, but his hands suddenly came up under my breasts, cupping them again from behind. I could feel the tension in his whole body as he pressed against me. He really was wound up. I was afraid he was going to shoot off in his pants!

Quest: Did he?

Cashier: No. He seemed to hold himself in check, then he pulled back from me, and I heard him unzip. So I tried to pull my halter neck over my head, which was the only quick way of getting the outfit off. But Brian said, 'No, don't — there's room from behind — if you don't mind —' So I said, 'I don't mind — whatever's easiest —' Anything as long as we actually *did* it! Then he moved against me again and I felt warm hairy skin on mine, then this stiff, hot *thing* against my thigh. And he was easing me gently forward, lifting up my thighs, pulling the two halves of the outfit open over my bottom. 'I think there's just enough room — under the bottom lace —' he said. Then his scalding fleshy rod butted between my cheeks. For one awful second I was terrified he was going into the wrong place, and I had to dash my hand back between my legs to guide him in. But in fact he was OK — it was just the odd angle the gusset of the outfit getting in the way. Then he took hold of my hips and pushed forward. I remember groaning and trying to brace myself against the sofa arm, which was really uncomfortable, but all I could think was, 'It's our first time — this is the first time I've had Brian in me —' And suddenly he was pumping and pumping, going really deep, and I was hanging on for dear life. And it was glorious!

Quest: Did you climax?

Cashier: Yes I did. Not at once, mainly because my legs just wouldn't hold me after the first minute. So I ended up kneeling over the sofa, while Brian did me from behind; it was superb.

Quest: Thanks to your PVC outfit!

Cashier: Apparently one of the first girls to turn Brian on — as a teenager — had been a girl in a photograph, a blonde, who'd been wearing a similar kind of outfit. Until that night he'd all but forgotten about it. I didn't mind. It got us together. I was just afraid I'd have to wear PVC for the rest of my life! I did buy the outfit, though. I keep it for extra special occasions!

Quest: Thank you.

QUEST

PERSONAL FILE
Name. . . . Withheld
Sex. . . . Male
Age. . . . 26 years
Town of Origin. . . . Beckenham
Other details. . . . This interviewee worked in retailing after leaving school and is now a buyer for a large manufacturing company. He owns his own studio flat.

Quest: Do you have any secret aspects of your sex life you'd care to reveal to us?
Buyer: I sometimes think women with a kink make a beeline for me — you know, like always having the looney sit next to you on the bus. I think they sense how pathetically grateful I am for any sexual experience!
Quest: Can you give any examples?
Buyer: My great claim to sexual fame is being jerked off in the shower by this older woman when I was on a family holiday — I must have just been 18. She was in her early thirties. She was crazy about young men's cocks.
Quest: Is that especially kinky?
Buyer: *I* think it is when she made some remark about it virtually every time we met, even in front of her husband. He was a good ten years older than her, and he'd just sit there very stolidly, hardly saying a word, while she'd be staring at my crotch, and saying how well built I was. Seriously! And I was really quite skinny. They were renting the villa next door — this was on Menorca — and I'd pass their balcony on the way to the beach every day. I thought all this randy chat was amazingly sophisticated stuff.
Quest: She was attractive?
Buyer: Oh yes, quite dark looks, almost Mediterranean. Slim, too, with quite a neat figure. She wore a bikini most of the time, with the top on unfortunately.
Quest: How did you end up in her shower?
Buyer: I went snorkelling the day after a storm, and the sea was full of shit — literally! I swam into an oil patch, and plastered my stomach and the tops of my legs. So I left the family on the beach and went back to the villa to clean up. My neighbour was sunbathing on her balcony on her own. She made sympathetic noises and told me to pop over if I couldn't get it off at my place, because she had some cleaning gel for getting tar off her feet. We only had soap, so I went next door. She made an enormous fuss, asking if it with it. I went into the bathroom, turned on the shower and got under it, with my trunks on. The gel worked, but it was bloody hard work. Then the woman called to ask how I was doing. I told her, and suddenly the door opened and in she came with a sort of rubber scrubbing brush. 'Let's see what this does,' she said. 'Turn round. You've missed half your back.' She reached into the shower and began scrubbing me.
Quest: Did you enjoy that?
Buyer: Yes! She was quite brisk, but not uncomfortable. And feeling her touch me, especially when she knelt down to do the tops of my legs, and I got glimpses down the top of her bikini, that was sweet murder! I could feel my trunks taking the strain. Then, of course, she giggled and made some remark about my assets growing. I went scarlet and mumbled some apology. She said, 'Oh don't silly. It's nice to get a rise out of someone around here — ' I presume she meant her husband. Then she said, 'It's got right into your trunks. I'm going to have to move them.' She eased down the back and started scrubbing over the top of my bottom.
Quest: Did you object?
Buyer: No! But my nerves were practically

"I was just 18; she was older and married. 'Don't be shy,' she said, and pulled down my swimming trunks."

hurt, getting the gel out, insisting I have a drink if I wasn't in a hurry. A very stiff G and T, then another. I hadn't bothered with lunch so it had quite an effect, apart from the fact that I'd never actually been alone with her before. There was no sign of her husband — their hire car wasn't outside.
Quest: Did you find yourself getting excited?
Buyer: I got very distinct twinges — she was standing very close to me, and she had this habit of touching all the time. Finally I swallowed my drink and said I ought to get cleaned up. Then she said, 'Don't go all the way back. Use our shower. You're perfectly welcome.' She wouldn't take no for an answer, so I did.
Quest: Did you think this was a sexual invitation?
Buyer: I thought *everything* could be a sexual invitation at that age! Not that I knew how to cope screaming. I kept thinking, 'Christ, this is it! Seduction! Sex! What the fuck do I do! Grab her now, or what?' She tcched and said, 'This is impossible. You're going to have to take them off.' I couldn't breath for a second. She obviously thought I'd bottled out, and said there really wasn't any need to be shy. So I grabbed them, and, keeping my back to her, dragged them off. Then she started with the gel, over the cheeks of my bottom, moving slowly down and round. God knows if there was any oil there, but who cared! Time stopped. You could have cut the silence with an axe. All I could hear was her breathing. Then she pushed at my thigh, making me turn toward her, and she said quietly, 'That is a nice one, isn't it?'
Quest: You had an erection?
Buyer: It felt like it was up to my armpits. I

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QUEST

looked down, and she was still kneeling, her head level with my cock. There was, in fact, one speck of oil on it — considerably stretched! — and she said, 'Must get that.' Her hands came up on either side, and I had to look away or I would have shot my load. Then her palms closed over me, and I nearly did.

Quest: She masturbated you?

Buyer: She had some gel in her hands and worked it in, not just over the spot, but right up and down my shaft. Of course the shower water was diluting it all the time, so in a couple of minutes she was virtually wanking me. Then, just when I thought I couldn't stand any more, I felt her fingers slip down and scoop my balls, pulling me slightly forward. And that's when her mouth closed over my tip. I looked down and saw her holding me between her lips, quite delicately actually, her eyes closed — which is a picture I'll carry to my grave. Then I shuddered violently and groaned. She made a sort of moaning sound, urging me on, I thought, and got very tense, gripping me tighter, wanking me again and flicking my tip with her tongue. And my balls just erupted. God knows how much I did — more than I'd managed in a long time — and she gasped and gulped, and then she sighed and got up and went away as I slumped against the side of the shower.

Quest: Did things go any further?

Buyer: No. When I got back into my trunks she was back on the balcony, reading, friendly, but not, if you see what I mean. I was obviously dismissed. I had the distinct feeling she was avoiding me the last couple of days they were there, probably terrified I was going to blurt out our secret, which of course I'd no intention of doing — not until I got a chance to talk to my mates back home.

Quest: Have you had similar experiences with more recent girlfriends?

Buyer: There was one girl I saw for about three months, I suppose, last year. She was attractive, not especially forthcoming, but we got on quite well. The main reason I kept asking her out was that I knew that if I could get her to share a bottle of wine, and get her back to her place, then all I had to do was put on one particular record — it was an old Pink Floyd waxing, I can't even remember the name — and I could do more or less what I liked.

Quest: She'd go to bed with you?

Buyer: I never actually went in her bedroom! We'd have the lights down in her lounge, and stretch out on the carpet. We didn't even kiss that much. She'd just lie back, all very dreamy, eyes closed, and let me put my hand up her skirt. The first time it happened I couldn't tell if she'd dozed off or not, so I just kept going, figuring I'd pretend I'd just got too drunk if she screamed blue murder.

Quest: But she didn't?

Buyer: No. So I started stroking her nipples through the front of her dress — I could feel them stand up even through her bra. And I was massaging up and down the front of her knickers, from the gusset to the top of her mound. Her breathing changed, and she squirmed a bit, but basically she just lay there. So I slipped a finger under the edge of her knickers, into her fuzz. No reaction. Then through her curlies onto her labia. In the end I was finger-fucking her, very gently — up and down the lips, round her clit, down again and in and out her hole, up to the first knuckle at least. She was swimming in juices, but apart from the odd little moan you'd hardly know it.

Quest: How were you feeling?

Buyer: Guess! I was either going to make do with sniffing my fingers, or just explode in my Y-fronts. So I thought, 'Bugger it — she'll let me know if I'm overdoing it.' I started pulling my trousers off with one hand — still stroking her pussy with the other, because I was afraid she really would go to sleep if I stopped. I nearly strained my back tugging my pants off, then I started pulling hers down gently, giving her pubes little nudges with my knuckles to keep her happy. I got her knickers off, fumbled on the Durex I'd had in my trouser back pocket for about six months, and gently opened her legs. Then I got down between them and began nudging her pussy lips with the tip of my cock. I didn't shove it straight in or anything. I gave her the chance to realise she wasn't feeling my thumb. She just moaned again and moved her hips slightly. So I eased a little bit further in — half an inch at a time — to give the feeling that it was almost accidental, I suppose. All of a sudden I was in up to the hilt, so I just began humping her, gently at first, until I couldn't keep quiet about it any more, then a quick flurry before I let fly.

Quest: Do you think she climaxed?

Buyer: It sounds like an ego trip, but I think she did. Very undramatically — just a sharp breath, then a long sigh, just as I came. Then she just seemed to doze off. I got my breath back and slipped out of her, and then for some reason I slipped her knickers back on her — don't ask me why. I went off to the loo and got tidied up and dressed again, and when I came back in she was just stirring. 'Oh I'm sorry,' she said, sitting up. 'I must have dozed off. How rude.' I grinned and said, 'Yes, it was a bit actually,' but she didn't take it up. We just went on as if nothing had happened, ending with a quick doorstep kiss. I couldn't believe she wasn't going to say anything. It was bizarre.

Quest: And this happened again?

Buyer: Half a dozen times, pretty much the same. Fucking was fine, as long as she could pretend it didn't happen. It had to be some kind of deliberate kink. In fact a girl I was telling about it recently said she knew women who did it all the time, especially at parties! Apparently it made sex more mysterious and romantic, because they could leave all the messy details to the bloke. I don't know.

Quest: Thank you.

PERSONAL FILE

Name . . . . Withheld
Sex . . . . Male and Female
Age . . . . 31 and 26 years
Town of Origin . . . . Leeds and Bradford
Other details . . . . This couple married five years ago. The husband owns and manages a small garage, while wife his manages a boutique.

Quest: I understand you make your own videos.

Manageress: We make them mainly for other people, on a private basis. There's no charge.

Quest: How would you describe these videos?

Manager: Basically erotic. Nothing perverted — just men and women together, going a bit further than they can in films that you can buy off the shelf.

Quest: You're talking about unsimulated sex?

Manager: Yes. It's surprising how many people have a secret yen to do it in front of a video camera.

Quest: Who are these people?

Manageress: Friends of friends. Word of mouth is always best. One girl wanted us to make a striptease tape of herself. Her boyfriend was going to Saudi for six months. She wanted him to know what he was missing!

"I came home and found this girl with massive boobs kneeling in front of my husband, stark naked"

Manager: Usually, though, it's couples.

Manageress: With the fellow doing most of the pushing —

Manager: But if it turns out well, it's quite often the girl who wants to do more.

Quest: She drags the fellow back?

Manageress: Oh, yes. And not always the same fellow!

Manager: We had one woman in her mid-thirties, I'd say. Obviously not young, but very attractive, lovely figure too. The husband was a bit of a pig, I thought. He'd obviously brow-beaten her into it. I had to show them a couple of our old videos to get her in the mood. Anyway, I shot them together, and it was OK. Then a couple of days later I had a phone call from the woman. She wanted to know if I would film her again. I was quite surprised. Then she mentioned

one of the fellows who'd been in a video I'd shown.

Manageress: Derek, he's a friend of ours, really good-looking.

Manager: I thought, good for her! So I got in touch with Derek and let him see a copy of the woman's video. He was quite keen, which surprised me too. He's a guy of about 25, never short of women. But he obviously saw something he liked. So we arranged a session for the two of them. My God, that turned out to be a night to remember!

Quest: What happened?

Manager: They went at it hammer and tongs. I got through a half a dozen mini-tapes — they last about twenty minutes each, and I was running out of charged batteries for the camera — and they were still at it! He must have had her seven times. Never once coming himself. They couldn't leave each other alone!

Quest: Where did this take place?

Manager: We've got a sitting room at the back of the house we can covert into a studio. It's quite a large room, so it's easy to shift furniture about and make it look different. But we couldn't keep up with them! After we'd shot them undressing and having the first screw on the carpet, then another one on the sofa, they were still raring to go, and the background was getting boring. So Maureen (name changed) suggested we go upstairs.

Manageress: Even then they had each other twice on the staircase!

Manager: First from behind, as she leant forward. Then, when that got a bit uncomfortable, he turned and sat down, and she sort of squatted on him, and bounced herself up and down. I tell you, they didn't need a director! He ended up doing her at least three different ways on our bed. It was a sensational video, even though the woman rang in a panic a day later and insisted I destroy it. I've still got a copy, though, if you want to look!

Quest: Maureen, as a woman, are you ever embarrassed or offended by the video tapes you make?

Manageress: No, or we wouldn't do them. Erotic films, if they're done properly, have always turned me on. I think they do most women, though they might not admit it. Nudity doesn't bother me, and I think I've seen enough stiff thingies in my time not to get the vapours!

Manager: Maureen's hardly going to fuss about people taking their clothes off.

Quest: Why is that?

Manageress: I've been modelling since I was 18. Mainly for photographic clubs. I hardly do any of it now, because we're so busy.

Quest: Presumably this is glamour modelling?

Manageress: Mainly. Topless and full nude. I really love it, but then I've been lucky — I've always had quite a good figure.

Manager: Make that 'spectacular'. Maureen and I met at a camera club I belonged to.

Manageress: And if I'd known what he was calling me behind my back I'd never have gone out with Andy! (name changed.)

Quest: What was that?

Manager: We used to call her 'Miss Lippy.' She was one of the most popular models we ever had.

Manageress: I know why! I thought they meant I was cheeky, because I liked to chat when I was posing. You can tell him the real reason.

Manager: Because Maureen's so dark she has very bushy pubes, and very well developed labia. So, when she was posing nude and we got to the open leg shots, it always looked as if she was massively turned on. You can imagine what that did to the lads! Of course, she always said she was very calm and collected.

Manageress: *If* I ever did get het up it was only because you were there, darling.

Quest: How did your own videos start?

Manageress: When I started going out with Andy, I used to model for him, and eventually we started making videos of ourselves. But it was your mucky friend Bob, getting you to video him and his girlfriend, that got you involved with other people, wasn't it? The tape was such a turn-on I couldn't believe Andy hadn't had her too. But it was Betty Big Boobs who finally persuaded me.

Quest: Who was this?

Manageress: We had a couple call, who claimed to be newly weds. The girl looked about eighteen, very blowsy, with enormous boobs. They could only make Saturday afternoon, so I was working while Andy arranged to see them at home. At about three it got very quiet, so I nipped home to see how they were doing. The shop's only five minutes away. I found the young fellow face down, naked, on our sitting room carpet, dead to the world. Meanwhile young madam — without a stich on — is kneeling in front of my red-faced husband rolling his erection between her lolloping great tits, sucking away at him like billyo!

Manager: She thought I'd got a bit overheated, so she offered to help me out — that was all.

Manageress: Yes, I could see she had an obliging nature. After that there was no way I was letting him make videos on his own!

Manager: Notice I don't complain about you and Derek —

Quest: What was this?

Manageress: Derek and I were doing a video together, and it got a bit steamier than it was meant to be.

Quest: I didn't realise you appeared in these videos as well as producing them.

Manager: Maureen appears in them. *I'm* banned.

Manageress: It's just that no one else can do the technical side as well as you, darling. Anyway, I get asked more often than you —!

Quest: How does this work?

Manageress: When we first started, several people hinted it would be nice if I joined in — not *just* the fellows, either. I *am* a model, I know how to look good in front of a camera. So eventually Andy and I decided I could.

Quest: How far do you go sexually then?

Manageress: Oh, hardly anywhere. It's only real for the couple — I'm just acting.

Quest: How exactly?

Manageress: I usually get the women, don't I, love?

Manager: A lot of guys like to see their wives or girlfriends do a lesbian number with a pretty girl. Obviously, most *aren't* lesbian, so it's all play-acting, just a bit of fun.

Manageress: We're generally both nude, but it never gets what I'd call heavy. A bit of boob licking — pussy stroking perhaps — but no fingers up. Once, perhaps. That was a businessman who was really into sixty-nine. He insisted his wife and I went down on each other. I still don't know whose idea it was — she seemed to get quite into it. I thought Andy would put a stop to it, but he kept on filming, the dirty sod!

Quest: The woman got sexually excited?

Manageress: Oh yes. I'm sure she had a climax, which was a bit embarrassing.

Quest: Do you perform with men too?

Manageress: Usually couples. The girlfriends get jealous if it's just me and the guy!

Quest: What do you do in these threesomes?

Manageress: Fondle, I suppose, touch.

Quest: You'd touch the man's erection?

Manageress: If he's got one! But I don't masturbate him or go any further; that's up to his girlfriend. I certainly don't screw him, though we've had to remind a couple of over-enthusiastic fellows! I notice Andy didn't pull Derek off me, though —

Quest: What happened then?

Manager: We had this idea for a video about a girl stripping off in a health club for some sunray treatment. She tried to cover her entire body in baby oil, but she can't reach the middle of her back, so she calls in this hunky instructor who does it for her. They weren't meant to have sex. I only thought of putting in the guy to spice it up a bit. Derek was Maureen's idea.

Quest: Why?

"A lot of men like to see their wives or girlfriends behave erotically with a pretty girl"

Manageress: He's a really old friend. Andy knows I fancy him. But I'd never had sex with him, and I wouldn't normally.

Quest: Go on.

Manager: We borrowed a portable sunbed, and fixed up the sitting room. Most of the video was Maureen doing a really sexy, full strip, then picking up the oil and massaging it in.

Manageress: You can imagine how long it took to cover my boobs!

Manageress: Not to mention her pussy — anyway, towards the end, Derek was supposed to enter in his squash shorts, looking hunky, and start laying the oil on Maureen's back. Except he didn't stop there.

Manageress: We had sound, so we were just

QUEST

inventing things to say. He suddenly said, 'Perhaps I ought to check your front, too.' I laughed, thinking Andy would stop the camera, but he didn't. So Derek brought his hands round from behind me, and started smoothing the oil up onto my boobs. Ken Russell here just moved the camera round to get a front view!

Manager: It looked bloody sexy.

Manageress: That's because it was! My bottom was bumping against Derek's shorts and I could feel him swelling inside. Meanwhile he was really making a meal out of massaging my boobs, squeezing them, stroking them, rolling my nipples between his fingers — it was doing unbelievable things to me, but that was hardly the point! By now, of course, Derek had almost as much oil on him as I did, so Andy told me to turn round, and do Derek instead. So that's what I did, smoothing oil over his lovely, broad chest, while he just stood there and shuddered — especially when I got to his shorts.

Quest: He had an erection?

Manageress: He looked like the Eifel Tower sideways! Sorry, darling, you're lovely, but Derek could win prizes. That, of course, was when my husband said, 'Don't stop — take them down — take them down —' How could I say no?

Quest: So you rubbed oil into his crotch?

Manageress: Everywhere. And, believe me, it's not easy to play-act when you're smoothing oil into a man's stiff *thing*! Then Derek started rubbing oil into *my* crotch — I could hardly blame him for that; he was *very* turned on. We were both giggling by then — but, my God!, I felt him touching me there. I've seen the video and he had at least two fingers inside me. Then my knees gave, and we were both on the floor. Derek had both hands on my boobs, and his leg was coming over me, and I could feel his hot, oily erection sticking up against my tummy. Nothing short of a bash with a frying pan would have put Derek off his stroke. I didn't notice my husband rushing to the kitchen —

Manager: Mainly because she'd have brained *me* first. I know when Maureen is about to explode.

Quest: So?

Manageress: It happened. Derek came into me like a bull into a field of heifers — I thought I was going to break. He ravished me. You can see it on tape if you don't believe me.

Quest: Did you climax?

Manageress: You'd have to be abnormal not to after an onslaught like that. I have the feeling that if he hadn't brought me off he'd still be going now! Afterwards everyone was a bit sheepish, especially, I'm glad to say, my husband. I still have a sneaking feeling he engineered it all —

Manager: I just let things follow their course.

Manageress: To be fair we had a lovely session on our own afterwards. We always do, don't we darling? Especially if things have gone well.

Quest: So you'll go on making these videos?

Manager: Until people don't ask us any more. Or Maureen gets fed up with stripping off.

Manageress: You rotten devil!

Quest: Thank you.

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